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RADNOR REMINISCENCES

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WILL LEVERTON AND THE RADNOR HOUNDS

At Hawthorne Farm, December, 1920

RADNOR REMINISCENCES

A FOXHUNTING JOURNAL

BY

J. STANLEY REEVE

AUTHOR OF "RHUBARB, THE DIARY OF A GENTLEMAN'S HUNTER"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

BENJAMIN CHEW

M.F.H. RADNOR, 1915–1917

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
AND SILHOUETTES BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

An Arab proverb says, "True happiness is only to be found in two places — on the back of a horse and in the arms of the woman you love."

Whether this happiness is divided fifty-fifty between the horse and the woman is rather a delicate matter; so to save the feelings of the ladies, maybe we had better not discuss it; but on one thing we will all agree, including the ladies, and that is, that a great deal of happiness has been derived from the back of a horse.

Foxhunting and hunting-journalism are two quite different sports. The uninitiated are too prone to picture hunting as largely composed of elbows and legs, broken bones, scratched noses, and love affairs. That all of these do exist in the hunting-field, I will admit; but think for a moment of the other benefits to be derived. They are so numerous, it would be folly for me to undertake to write them down.

Just as long as men and fair women have red blood in their veins and sporting spirits, hunting will continue; but hunting-journalism may disappear any minute, principally owing to the assassination of the poor journalists.

They say it is always a mistake to apologize for one's efforts, but I must; and I offer them to the editors of *The Tatler* and *The Sporting and Dramatic News* of London, for the many sayings of their gifted correspondents that I have appropriated. To my other friends — well, maybe they won't be friends after they read these humble efforts; but I do offer my most sincere thanks to Miss Dorothy Mather and Mr. Benjamin Chew for their kind assistance.

J. S. R.

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INTRODUCTION

By Benjamin Chew

M.F.H. Radnor, 1915–1917

It takes the perspective of time to write history. It takes still more time and the increasing perspective for us to read history; especially to read it with a seeing and unbiased mind and to appreciate the values which only the perspective of time can bring before our mental vision.

It may seem that to class the following record as history is to bring it into too great importance. Nevertheless, it is a part of the history of our country and of our civilization. It records a phase of life which has much to do with the racial consciousness of our people. Would that its influence had been greater and more widespread in this great land of ours!

Sport is one of the links of heredity which has come to us from our British forbears; sport being the lighter visible sign of our finer inherited qualities: energy, fair play, manhood in the best sense; justice, honesty, and observation; love of the land and of the great outdoors; all are expressed in and developed by sport. More especially by foxhunting; let us not say the "Sport of Kings," but the King of Sports.

Foxhunting has flourished in this country of ours for two hundred years; not fostered by the rich, but maintained and loved by the plain men of the land, the men who, when times of strife stirred the land, were the first to answer the call of the land and leave their homes and families and give themselves, their hopes and joys and goods, to the service of their country; and can we but feel sure

that they were better fitted, mentally, morally and physically, by their days with the hounds, their long days in the open, where clean living, courage, endurance, patience, and understanding are needed in the making of a good foxhunter?

If we look back in the pages of our local history, we find that the members of the Gloucester Foxhunting Club, most of whom were members of the Old State in Schuylkill, the oldest club in the world with a continuous existence, formed, in the early days of the Revolution, the now famous First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, which has distinguished itself in every war in which this country has ever engaged.

A great majority of its members have been good foxhunters, and the lessons of the hunting-field have been useful without doubt in camp and field of battle.

Therefore, I feel sure that the following simple record of a few years of the sport of a representative American Hunt, cannot be amiss, and that in the long annals of our glorious country this little side-light into our "manners and customs," as Cæsar would say, will be not only appreciated by those whose names figure in its pages and who will read with personal pleasure; but will in years to come bring pleasure to another generation and shed a light for them upon a not unimportant phase of our lives.

The increase of the motor in all branches of transportation, and even in the realms of agriculture, seems to indicate the gradual elimination of the horse, and it may well be — indeed is not improbable — that in another generation or so the breeding of horses, especially in this part of the country, to a great extent, if not entirely, will be abandoned, and that foxes and foxhunting will be come a thing of the past. It is in those days that this record will

be read and valued and will give to those generations to come some idea of the joyous days so much appreciated by their forbears.

Suffice it to say that a man or woman who has hunted the fox honestly and courageously has never but benefited from his or her experience.

The many occasions on which he or she has conquered self, be it in early rising when laziness is overcome, be it in overcoming fear when the rasper is faced with pluck despite good excuses for taking the gap, or be it in the exertion of self-control and expression of courtesy, which should always be the rule in the hunting-field — these many opportunities of self-mastery, are they to be despised in the building-up of the character of our race? Surely, no! And, therefore, I feel sure that this hunting record cannot but be of a certain value in its modest way, as part of the history of our times.

The honesty and simplicity with which it has been written is not the least of its charms and is one of its greatest values for the future, as no one can fail to recognize the sincerity of the writer.

RADNOR REMINISCENCES

SEASON OF 1912–1913

RADNOR REMINISCENCES

SEASON OF 1912–1913

CUB-HUNTING in 1912 did not commence until the 2d of October, when for a fortnight hounds showed very good sport; foxes being plentiful and scent very good; although the country was quite blind until the middle of the month, when we had a protracted dry spell and hounds had great difficulty in carrying a line for any length of time; but, fortunately, it rained just before the opening of the regular season and scenting conditions improved wonderfully.

Charles C. Harrison, Esq., gave his annual breakfast before the opening meet at Happy Creek Farms, and a large and representative field turned out, with Horace Binney Hare, M.F.H., and Will Davis hunting a mixed pack of seventeen and a half couples.

The first draw was Mr. Harrison's meadows, where a fox went away at once, giving the field a nice gallop towards Wyola, then swinging back again, hounds marking their fox to earth in Mr. John Brown's drain, after fifteen minutes of very pretty work.

After several vain attempts to bolt the fox, Harry Harrison sent home for his dachshund, but the excitement was too much for Mr. Dachshund, for he refused to go to ground, so the earth was stopped and we moved on. Later in the day the two Hunt terriers were brought up and bolted not only the fox, but a very fat groundhog as well.

A second fox was found in Yarnall's Hollow, he proving to be more straight-necked than our first, and giving us a

run of eighty-five minutes all through the lower country; hounds finally losing him back of Bromall, near the Marple Road.

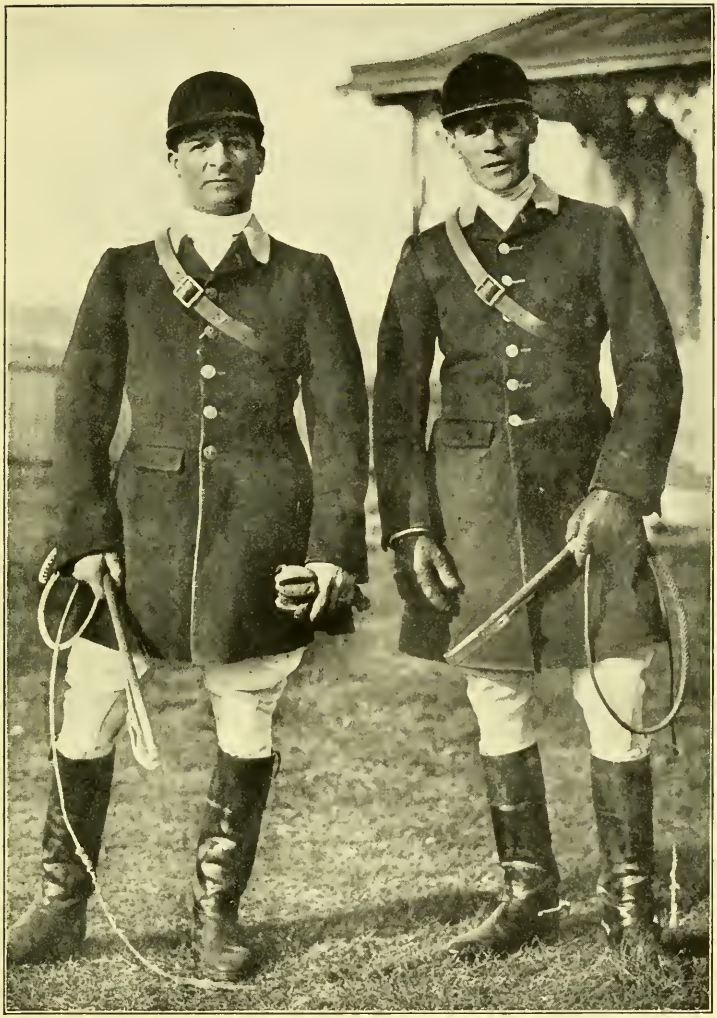
Among those hunting were: Harry W. Harrison; W. Plunket Stewart; Charlie and Mrs. Snowden; Harry Barclay; Miss Kitty Smith; Rowland Comly; John and Mrs. Converse; Mrs. Valentine; Devy and Mrs. Devereux; R. Nelson Buckley; Benjamin Chew; Edwin L. Blabon; Mr. Fiske; Miss Emily Barclay; Ben Holland; and Bayard Rives, of New York, who had just bought Mr. Waln's mare "Lady Hannah" for $500, and thought her so satisfactory that he went to Mr. Waln and wanted him to accept a few hundred more for her!

Saturday, 21st November, 1912

As we arrived at Penn Tavern this morning for the meet at ten o'clock, a farmer in the bar-room said the Rose Tree hounds were coming up country towards Green Briar, and, as Green Briar was to be our first draw, we met Rose Tree just east of the covert, chatted a moment with Sam Pinkerton, the huntsman, and then the two packs joined forces.

Hounds were no sooner in covert than a fox was viewed out the far side, pointing up-country over the same line that we had on Tuesday, and, with the two packs running as one, the proverbial blanket would have covered the thirty-four couples as they flew on towards the Westtown School, making a complete circle of the school buildings, leaving it left-handed and going south to Locksley station, with our field of seventy-five rapidly thinning out, and Chris Hagan's new purchase, "War Whoop," already having given him two tosses.

A freight train was seen coming directly across the line



WILL LEVERTON AND FRANK SMITH
First and *Second Whippers-in* under Horace B. Hare, Esq., M.F.H.
and Huntsman, 1912-1913

of hounds, and, by a great effort, Will Leverton and Frank Smith, the whips, succeeded in stopping hounds just at the edge of the tracks as the train came by. Then a forward cast by Horace Hare and hounds went off again with a roar, swinging left-handed beyond the station and taking us at a burning clip to the House of Refuge, where hounds made two circles of the wood before heading down-country. Ben Chew here had a very bad fall, his horse turning over at a fence and landing on top of him, pushing him down into the soft mud. When the horse finally rolled off and Ben was able to move, there was quite a dent in the ground where they had fallen. Ben was unable to go on, and, while he was leaning on the only jumpable part of the fence, trying to get his wind, the rest of us had to jump a picket fence into some one's farmyard, a rather nasty place. Mrs. Fred Sturges's horse refused it, and she never caught up with hounds again.

Chris Hagan had another fall jumping into a lane near here, landing head-first in a patch of briars, and we left him sitting on a rock picking thorns out of his face; but he caught up with hounds again later on, and had the rare honor to-day of having five falls from his new purchase.

John Converse came to grief a couple of fields beyond, and then Eddie Dale performed for us very nicely at a stiff three-rail fence out of a cornfield.

Every one was getting his turn and the pace was beginning to tell, when hounds checked at a fork in the road, and it was decided to separate the two packs and go home. Just as we were moving off and had said good-bye to Rose Tree, a Radnor dog hound spoke; both packs harked to him and we were off again — those that were left of us — at a pretty fast pace towards Green Briar and over a very nice line of grass.

Dr. Jim Hutchinson came to grief for the second time just before we reached Green Briar, as did Frank Smith, the whipper-in.

Hounds were pressing their fox so hard that he apparently missed connections with his home earth, as he went straight through the covert, crossing the West Chester Pike and circling the farm opposite the Street Road, then, doubling back to covert, he went out the north side again, hounds setting such a pace that our blown horses had all they could do to keep on any sort of terms with them; and the fox continually in view in front of hounds.

After going through the Dutton's Mill Wood, my faithful conveyance "Castlereagh" put me down in a very muddy field; but, fortunately for me, hounds checked a moment later, and I caught up. It was faster than ever from now on to Rocky Hill, where hounds rolled their fox over in the open, after four hours of really remarkable work.

There were sixteen in at the death, out of a field of seventy-five. Mrs. Devereux was given the brush, and Murray Forbes, of Boston, who was riding one of Dr. Hutchinson's horses, was given a pad, as was also Harry Barclay.

Hounds ran their fox quite twenty-five miles before pulling him down, and, by the map, it is fifteen miles between the various points.

P.S. Some years later, after dining at the Barclays' town house, we were talking over the long runs of the past, and on harking back to this memorable day, Harry showed me a silver paper-knife with a fox's pad for a handle, and, on reading the engraved inscription, I found it was this same fox.

Saturday, 30th November, 1912

If something unusual did n't happen at the Annual Meeting of Radnor Hunt, most people would be disappointed.

After quite a good day's sport, several foxhunters stayed on at the Club House until time for the Annual Meeting at six-thirty. Being a cold, raw day, it apparently was necessary to take liquid refreshment to warm the inner man, and the famous Radnor Yellow Port, which never fails, again had the desired effect.

Just as the President had heard the Master's report and was rising to make some sort of remark, complimentary, of course, there was a tremendous and prolonged crash, and a very much befuddled foxhunter, accompanied by a table and suitcase, came rolling down the stairs and landed in the room at the President's feet. To say the President was pleased, is putting it mildly! What remarks he intended to make, no one ever knew, but the Secretary saved the day by calling for the Treasurer's report, while helping hands disposed of our pink-coated friend.

Thursday, 5th December, 1912

After the early part of November, the country became dry again, scent being indifferent until to-day, when a stout fox went away in front of hounds from the north side of Cathcart's Rocks, making a big circle around the Leopard and back to the White Horse Farm, when hounds swung right-handed, and, keeping Mr. Boyer Davis's house on their right, marked their fox to ground at the foot of a dead chestnut tree just across the road from the Davis gateway.

Curiosity, they say, killed the cat, and it nearly had the same effect on Alfred Borden, of New York, who was here as the guest of Fred and Mrs. Sturges. After hounds had

put their fox under, and, while there was a great tow-rowing going on around the earth, Borden decided he wanted a closer view of the proceedings, and in jumping a barway from the road into the field, his horse turned upside down, giving him a nasty-looking fall, but, fortunately, he was none the worse for it.

Tuesday, 17th December, 1912

A. Henry Higginson, M.F.H., Middlesex, is stopping with me, and, being very anxious that he should have a good day with hounds, I was more than satisfied, as we had two runs, both of which were top-hole. Mr. William M. Kerr very kindly mounted Alex., so he was on the right sort of cattle to go, which was fortunate.

As we were moving off from White Horse at ten o'clock, Sam Kirk's hounds came up the road, so the two packs joined and found at the first draw; a fox going out of the meadow below Fairy Hill, and, turning up-country, crossed the Bryn Clovis Dairy Farm to Sugartown, where hounds turned left-handed and came down the vale very fast to Dutton's Mill, and on through to the West Chester Pike, where, at a moment's check, the field caught up; then, at a backward cast, they turned down-country, finally marking their fox to earth in Charlie Snowden's wood, after a very nice forty-five minutes.

Our second fox was viewed away from the far side of Green Briar Thicket, with, unfortunately, only four and a half couples of hounds on the line, and with the greater part of the field left behind on the lower side of the covert. But what we lacked in numbers, we made up in quality; our fox, pointing his mask towards West Chester, bore slightly left-handed, and hounds, keeping the Westtown School on their right, raced up-country, over the school

property, then, bearing north again, ran with a burning scent to the railroad line, about a mile above Moorestein Station, where hounds were at fault for about five minutes while we got off our horses and sat on a fence watching them working things out, which they soon did; and, carrying a good scent, ran back to the school again, around the farm buildings, then straight down-country over a beautiful line to Green Briar, where our fox evidently went under; but hounds did not mark him.

We had all had quite enough of it by now, so called it a day. This last run had been three hours all told, and those of us in it were: Higginson; Will Leverton; Mrs. Charlie Snowdon; the Misses Beatrice and Gertrude deCoppet; Ned and Mrs. Blabon; Frank Lloyd; Mr. Kerr; Alex. Brown on "Pebbles"; and Sam Kirk.

Monday, 3rd February, 1913

On Wednesday of last week, as Charlie Snowden and John Converse were motoring down the West Chester Pike, above Newtown Square, having been hunting with Rose Tree, Charlie, who was driving, had to turn out suddenly for a buggy that came out of a lane, and, in doing so, the car struck the rails of the trolley track, ran off the embankment, and turned over in a field, injuring Snowden so badly that he died yesterday in the Bryn Mawr Hospital.

An all-around sportsman of the highest type, his loss will be keenly felt by every one.

Tuesday, 4th February, 1913

Owing to the death of Charles Randolph Snowden, Radnor Hounds did not go out to-day.

While dressing to go for a ride this afternoon, Patrick

came running up to the house to tell me he could hear hounds down by the Darby Creek, so I hustled along and reached the creek just as a pack of hounds were swimming across. I recognized them as Rose Tree, but no one was with them, so I had things all to myself.

They turned down the long meadow below the covered bridge, then worked slowly up over the hill and ran parallel to the Lawrence Road to Grassland Station, where they turned left-handed and with a beautiful cry ran to the Ellis Road, where the fox had evidently been turned by a farmer, as hounds turned back and ran to the hillside above the creek again, when I could hear a horn across the creek in the wood back of Bergdoll's, and presently two horsemen rode out of the wood. They came around by the bridge, and turned out to be Simon Delbert, the ex-Master of Rose Tree, and a whipper-in. Hounds had run quite away from them, and, as it was getting dark and they had six miles to go back to kennels, they whipped hounds off and we parted.

Wednesday, 12th February, 1913, "*Lincoln's Birthday*"

A MORE unpropitious day for hunting it would have been hard to imagine. The mercury was at 14° when I left my stable at ten-thirty to hack over to the kennels for the meet at eleven. Not only was it cold, but a gale was blowing.

The first draw was Mr. Ellis's meadow, but the big drains there proved blank. Hounds moved on down the Darby Creek to the wood back of Bergdoll's, where two foxes went away, the pack splitting, but most of the small field out went after that part of the pack that crossed the Pike, bearing left-handed to the Lawrence Mills, then upcountry again, along the creek to the Fox Croft Quarries.

where, after a short check, hounds swung sharply around and took us back down-country again to the Mill. Crossing the Pike above the Mill, hounds ran at a faster pace over the meadows to Powder Rocks, then, reaching the hills again, they were brought to their noses as previously and worked their line on up-country, through Bromall to the Barrens, and on out to Bryn Mawr Avenue, where the fox was evidently turned, for hounds turned back once more and were finally whipped off in Bergdoll's Wood, after three hours and five minutes of very good hound work, but not a great deal of galloping, which, no doubt, was a good thing, as the going was hard as nails and the hillsides a mass of ice.

Roscoe Bowen's chestnut mare went down in a ditch on the hilltops back of Bergdoll's, and both Roscoe and the mare were considerably the worse for wear; Roscoe so much so that he had to be taken to the hospital for repairs.

There were very few who ventured out on such a day, and fewer still of us who stayed to the end; those at the meet being: Horace B. Hare, M.F.H.; Harry W. Harrison; Fred and Mrs. Sturges, but they left rather early; Harry and Miss Barclay; Mr. Fiske; Mrs. John Converse; Ned Blabon; Rowland Comly; Isaac Clothier; and Nelson Buckley.

It seemed an impossible day to hunt. One would have said there would be no scent at all, which only goes to prove that the longer one hunts, the less one really knows about scent; or, maybe it is n't so much the foxes' scent as it is the condition of hounds; how they are hunted and whether they rely on themselves or rely on their huntsman; and whether they are keen for their work or are slack.

Thursday, 20th February, 1913

When hounds break away on the road in going from the meet to the first covert, as they did to-day, when we moved off from Newtown Square at ten-thirty, and when one is riding a green colt that it's quite impossible to hold; and when one comes to grief at the first fence and never sees hounds again all day; — well, there's not a great deal one can say about the way hounds worked, or the line they took; but, fortunately, — or maybe it's unfortunate, — there were others who had their vicissitudes as well as I.

A fox had evidently just crossed the road below the Square before hounds came along, for they broke away with a tremendous roar as we were moving off, and crossed over into Battles's Meadows, on across the Line Road keeping the green-houses on their right, and swinging right-handed into the Mark Hopkins farm.

Back of the green-houses I came to grief in three strands of telegraph wire. Oh, yes! I saw the wire; but I could n't stop. Dave Sharp kindly caught my horse and put him in a lady's back yard, where all the family wash, composed principally of unmentionables, was hanging out to dry; and the least I can say is — that the lady was not at all pleased. After helping pick up the aforementioned unmentionables that my horse had knocked down and walked on, I started out after hounds again; but the first thing I saw was Gerry Leiper being run away with on "Banker" Smith's grey roan. He went by Snakehouse Wood like an express train and stopped somewhere near White Horse, minus his shoes and with very sore feet.

Next I met Miss Betty Sinnickson, very ruffled as regards her temper. She had been pulled off by a grapevine in the wood and a certain gallant foxhunter had galloped

by and left her sitting in a brook, never offering a helping hand. After walking "miles and miles," as she said, she had found her horse tied to a fence!

Next I met Ned Blabon, near Gradyville, wrangling with a balky horse, and his temper was also a bit frayed at the edges.

Then I met Ben Chew and Harry Barclay on the West Chester Pike; but they were also lost.

Hounds ran their fox from the Square to Snakehouse Wood, to Castle Rocks, to Brooks's Wood, through the Hospital Farm to the Radnor Barrens, Lawrence Mills, and were whipped off at the Lamb Tavern. A very good place to whip off!

Mrs. Valentine and Frank Smith, the second whipper-in, who had made a bad turn at the start, heard hounds on up-country, so, thinking they were Radnor, galloped after them, finally coming up to them only to discover they were Sam Kirk's and just putting a fox to earth in Cathcart's Rocks, many miles from where our hounds were at that moment.

Tuesday, 25th February, 1913

Only four of us were foolish enough, or keen enough, — whichever way you want to put it, — to go hunting today. Hounds waited around a bit after the scheduled time to move off, to see if any one else would turn up, but with the glass at 12°, and a high wind, frozen fingers, and a horse that one could just hold, but maybe not much longer, for he felt as if he was going to jump out of his skin the next second, the prospect did not look encouraging.

Fortunately, we (Mr. Fiske, Buck, Frank Lloyd, and I) did n't have to do much sitting around, for a fox was viewed away, immediately hounds were put into the

Bromall Wood, and, pointing south, took us to Moore's and Hatton's, where hounds swung left-handed up the creek to the Lawrence Mills, over the creek and down country again to Leedom's Mill, through the wood and out across a very nice line of meadows for a couple of miles to the Media trolley line, where hounds turned sharply to the right and ran with a breast-high scent along the bank of the creek up to the old quarry, where a long log crosses the stream. Here the whole pack crossed on the log in a single file and all giving tongue. It was a wonderful picture and well worth braving the cold to see.

Hounds ran on through the wood back of the quarry and on south, keeping the Lamb Tavern on their left, crossed the State Farm and on into Hatton's again, where, at a check, I pulled out, as I had to go in town.

Hounds ran on for an hour and a quarter longer, finally being whipped off near the Lamb.

Saturday, 1st March, 1913

Mud, mud, I'll dream of mud to-night, for I have eaten it, galloped through it, and had both eyes filled with it all day long; and if hounds had not run in a big circle at first, which we were lucky enough to be on the inside of, we could never in the world have stayed with them. Then we were also greatly assisted by some men who were working on a barn roof near Walter Klemm's farm, who did a sort of signalling code to Bill Evans. After meeting at White Horse, we found in Wayne's Swamp, hounds going out the upper side through oceans of mud to Sugartown, then swinging left-handed down-country, through "Bill" Evans's to Cathcart's Rocks, out the lower side and back again to the Rocks, and on up-country to the Klemm Farm, where we saw our fox being coursed and very nearly

caught by a collie dog, with the pack not a hundred yards behind the collie; but both the fox and the collie saved their brushes, hounds turning right-handed into Klemm's thicket, a terrible place to ride through, then on to Waynesboro again and up-country to the little schoolhouse on the State Road above Paoli, where we viewed, our fox seeming to be about beaten, with the pack pushing him very hard.

Reynard was heading for the railroad, and Horace Hare called out — "Shall we kill him or whip hounds off?" Every one said to whip off, so it was done in the nick of time, and Reynard saved his brush for the second time to-day.

Our horses were about done; many shoes were left in the mud; Mrs. Dave Sharp's and Ben Holland's horses had broken down; and Julian Biddle had taken a muddy bath along the bank of a lane.

Hounds ran an hour and fifty minutes, and those in the best of it were: Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Mrs. Valentine; Bob Montgomery; Gerry Leiper; Frank Lloyd; Miss Carson; Mr. and Mrs. Grange; Bill Evans; Harry Harrison; and Harry and Miss Barclay.

Good Friday, 21st March, 1913

It always leaves a good taste in one's mouth to end the season with a fast gallop after a stout fox. I don't know about the other people, but I always feel sort of sad and let down when the hunting is over. There are so many good friends and smiling faces one misses and never sees in the summer, except sometimes at horse shows and things like that. But it's a funny and characteristic failing, that if you meet a foxhunter at the races or a dog-fight or any other congenial gathering-place, you can always tell him at once by the smile on his face.

However, I'm off my track again, for I started out to tell about the last run of the season. Hounds met at the Kennels at ten o'clock, and found a cold line in the Bromall Wood, with scent very catchy and a hound only speaking to it here and there, until they had worked down to Powder Rocks, where they were able to do it a bit faster. Crossing into Moore's, they evidently were on pretty close terms with their fox, for they went very fast, and turned right-handed out across the meadows to the Milk House on the Springfield Road, then, swinging around, raced back to the Lawrence Mills, crossed the Pike, through Bergdoll's to the creek, and here most of the field made the mistake of going through Bergdoll's with hounds, so were all tied up in wire. A few of us crossed the Pike at the Hillcrest Farm, getting on even terms with hounds as they came up the creek. Crossing the Marple Road above Sanderson's, hounds fairly raced over the hills to the Chester Road and on through Saw Mill Hill to the Radnor Barrens, where we had our first check. It was hot and our horses were boiling, so was Alex. Brown, for he had a painful carbuncle on his neck.

There were only eight of us there, out of a field of twenty-eight: Horace Hare; Harry Harrison; Alex. Brown; Antelo Devereux and Mrs. Devereux; Gerry Leiper; and Will Leverton.

Scent seemed to fail from here on, for, after crossing Bryn Mawr Avenue into the Hospital Farm, hounds were put to their noses all the time; the line fizzing out completely near Old Square.

SEASON OF 1913–1914

SEASON OF 1913–1914

"TAKE Beecham's Pills, avoid strong drink, beware how you leave off flannel, and, whatever you do, don't change your mind when once you 've picked your panel!" Lindsay Gordon said that, and it's a thundering good rule to follow, whether you're riding a steeplechase, hunting, or merely doing the ordinary things of life. Personally, I've never taken the aforementioned pills; but I have, I'm sorry to say, changed my mind about the panel.

However, it's no use trying to go on writing when you are so full of excitement about the opening of another hunting season. But there is that something about an opening day that makes one a bit nervous, as it were.

Cub-hunting comes before the opening day, so we had better get at that first.

Hounds started cubbing about the middle of August, with a good-sized and very likely-looking young entry, making a total of fifty-three and a half couples of hounds in kennel.

One of the most interesting mornings was 29th October, when our hounds harked to Sam Kirk's pack which was running a fox on the Baltz Farm at Old Square. After making several big circles around Innes's and Brooks's Woods, where we viewed our fox a number of times, hounds were pressing him pretty hard, and Reynard evidently decided it was about time to go to ground. He went to earth, but just in the nick of time, for a black-and-tan hound came trotting proudly up to Sam Kirk, carrying about half of the fox's brush in its mouth. A pretty narrow squeak for Mr. Fox.

Then on the 1st of November, the opening day of the shooting season, Radnor hounds were running a dog fox through "Pick" Harrison's "Seventy-Six" Farm, when a man shot the fox right in front of hounds. Horace Hare was boiling mad, as we all were, and, from the cursing-out the poor devil received, I don't think he will ever shoot another fox.

On 6th November hounds found a cub in Hatton's Wood, ran him out through Moore's, across into Powder Rocks, then on up the meadows, killing him on the edge of the Bromall Wood in thirteen minutes.

But to hark back to the business of the day, the opening meet of the Season with its new horses, new boots, new liveries for the Hunt servants, some new ladies (they always help a lot), and some of Mr. Harrison's good hot toddy.

Happy Creek Farms — never mind if I live to be a hundred, which I won't — will always be associated in my mind with the opening day of a season at Radnor. After a cheery how-de-do from the most hospitable hostess, a breakfast of just the right things to put into a hunting stomach, while sitting at a table with Penn Smith, who tells you, just previous to his starting out for a second round of everything, that he has n't missed one of these breakfasts of Mr. Harrison's since Mr. Mather was Master of Radnor. After this, one begins to feel really at home, and then somebody comes in and says hounds have arrived. You look at your wrist watch and find there are ten minutes yet to spare, so, just to make the day quite complete, you run down the steps into George Harrison's trophy room to take a peep at the best collection of heads in the country. That's a mighty good cigar the old butler gave you, but it's a bit strong, maybe, to smoke before

RADNOR HOUNDS — THE WINNING HALF-BRED PACK

At the Bryn Mawr Hound Show, 1915

Foxhall P. Keene, Esq., *Judge* Will Leverton, *Huntsman* Harry Simpson, *First Whipper-in*

hunting, so you politely let it go out. Yes, your horse is here; there's the faithful Patrick walking him about. Horace Hare, M.F.H., comes out, gets up on "Plainsman," shortens his leathers, gives a few instructions to Will Leverton, who nods to Harry Brown, the first whipper-in, gives a note on his horn, and the season is on.

Mr. Harrison's meadow, always the first draw, was blank to-day, so hounds go up-country to Sharp's Wood, where, as soon as a hound speaks, Dave Sharp is all excitement. The fox is viewed away and Dave gallops up, saying, "This is the greatest running fox in the country. I've fed him all summer on beefsteaks and mutton chops; he's eaten forty-two dollars' worth since the 15th of July." But a few playful bucks from the Master of Craft colt he is riding puts a stop to any further praises of his hand-fed fox. He may be a stout fox, or he may be suffering from the effects of his last Berwyn beefsteak; at any rate, he won't give us a gallop to-day, for he pops back to covert and goes to earth, much to every one's disgust, and a lot of good-natured chaffing at the Master of Hawthorne.

Mr. Wayne's Wood, though, produces one of a more straight-necked variety, for he goes out the upper end of the covert, crosses into the Paoli Barrens, swings left-handed, and gives us a very nice forty-five minutes to earth on the Boyer Davis Farm.

There were forty-six in the field, including the Master, Benjamin Chew, on "Oviat"; Fred and Mrs. Sturges, just over from Fairfield for the season, Fred on "Pocono" and the Mrs. on "Frosty"; Rowland Comly; Harry Harrison; Mr. Fiske; Mr. Beale; George Brooke III on "Blackbird"; Bayard Rives, of New York, on a borrowed chestnut mare; Antelo Devereux; Ned Blabon; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Rose Dolan on "Circus"; Henry and Mrs.

Collins, of Pittsburgh; Bob Montgomery; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Tango"; Lowber and Walter Stokes; Mrs. Galloney; Mr. Waln in his breakcart; Miss Rulon Miller on a bay; Mr. Bodine; Mr. "Banker" Smith on a big seventeen-hand grey; Mr. Crosby Brown; and Julian Biddle.

Saturday, 20th December, 1913

EVERY one knows — or should know, at least — that foxhunting could not exist a moment in any country without the coöperation and good-will of the farmers; and in a country like Chester and Delaware Counties in Pennsylvania, where not only the present generation of farmers, but their grandfathers and great-grandfathers were foxhunters before them, the relationship is very close between the so-called fashionable hunting-men and the farmer. There is that bond between them that has just that "something" in it that no one can describe. One can never mistake it, that tie of friendship between foxhunters, no matter where they meet; and I doubt if there is another Hunt Club in America, besides Radnor, that is annually given a Hunt Breakfast by a *bona-fide* farmer over whose lands it hunts.

That the native farmer of the Radnor country has foxlore bred in him, is extremely well told by Clifton Lisle in a series of articles published recently, a part of which is as follows:

"Perhaps the best example of that deep-rooted love of hunting which existed in the farmer of a century ago, as strongly as it does in the one of to-day, is the story of Jesse Russell, of Edgemont Township, on whose farm rose Hunting Hill, then, as now, a well-known covert from

which many a good fox has broken on his last run before the hounds. Jesse Russell, after a lifetime spent in cheering on the hounds, asked, as he lay dying, that he might be buried on Hunting Hill in order that the cry of the hounds, as they found their fox, might ring in his ears from season to season until the end of time. His request was granted, and his grave can be seen to this day on the northern side of Hunting Hill. Scarcely a week goes by, from October frost till the thaws of April, but the Rose Tree Hounds come working over the woodland hilltop close by the little stone-walled enclosure. The sound of the horn still echoes through the trees, the opening note of the find still floats out across the pastures towards Newtown, and the good old cheer of 'Tally-Ho! Gone Away!' still rings on the frosty air above the grave of Jesse Russell, farmer, a sportsman to the end. He was but typical of countless others.

"Our hunting farmers of to-day are men of the same sort. They have made hunting what it is among us. The farmers own the land on which the sport exists. They alone can make or mar it. Like the brave old sporting farmer of Hunting Hill, may they ever love the cry of hounds and ever lend their aid to the sport, for, without that, there can be no lasting success."

I started out to write about to-day's run that followed a most delightful breakfast given by Sam and Mrs. Kirk at White Horse. There were quite a hundred at the party at nine o'clock, and over eighty of them were hunting, which speaks well for the popularity of our farmer friend. Sam Kirk and his hounds are as much an institution in the Radnor country as are the Radnor hounds, and when the two packs hunt together, as they did to-day, good sport is invariably the rule.

Three foxes were on foot. The first, from Kirk's Wood, crossed the Goshen Road into Mr. Cuyler's, and hounds, being put to their noses, carried him over into Mr. Charlton Yarnall's, where scent failed completely.

The second was viewed away from Bill Evans's Wood, when hounds pushed him over the meadows with a holding scent, on up the hill on the White Horse Farm to Cathcart's Rocks, where they marked him under.

The third was a home-loving beast, for, after making three complete turns from end to end of the Malvern Barrens, hounds finally pushed him out the lower side, going at a good clip to Evans's Wood, swinging right-handed to Fairy Hill, out the north end and across the Bryn Clovis Dairy Farm, when hounds pushed him back to the Barrens and to earth in just an hour.

Besides the two Masters, Horace B. Hare and Samuel Kirk, there were: Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Ben Chew; Alexander Wheeler; Alex. Brown; John Converse; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Mrs. Howard Henry; John Fell; Ned and Mrs. Blabon; Ben Holland; Clyde John; Henry and Mrs. Collins; Frank Lloyd; and Alex. Grange.

Tuesday, 23rd December, 1913

ALTHOUGH Goshen School is our farthest up-country meet, it ranks next in popularity with White Horse; but, as luck will have it, it nearly always is cold as blazes, or rains, or something, when hounds meet there, to make a long, long hack home seem just that much longer.

But, instead of that, let's think of the delights of riding home with some charming girl, who is just as wet and cold as you are, but who does n't seem to mind it; and, as Sabretache in "The Tatler" says: "But what if your nose is all scratched, your thumb sprained and your knees all

raw? Think of the hot bath, and the hot with (also with lemon), then dinner, then yawns before the fire, then bed, and then dreams, the sound of the Percival; the pistol shots of the well-dubbined thong that go echoing in Thrustington Woods, the deep notes of Abelard, Abigail, and the other beauties; the swish over that big place; the way your horse pulled you out of the saddle for the first two miles, and then went like the good 'un he is, making light of that hillside, and fair sailing over even the plow; then, cuss him, your servant knocks on the door and spoils the whole show; and you know that, even if you do go to sleep again, you won't dream it all over again." But, for Heaven's sake, let's "Tally-Ho Bike"; we are n't even at the meet yet.

Shellbark Hollow, always the first draw from a Goshen meet, was blank to-day; but the Hershey's Mill fox was at home. He kindly allowed us all to see him leave home soon after we arrived. He went out of covert just in front of hounds, the whole pack running by sight across the big fields in front of the Brown place to the wood, where a sharp, right-handed turn brought hounds to their noses; then, carrying a good scent with a beautiful cry, they raced back to the hill above the Mill, over the King Road, and into the thicket. Here a big new, four-rail fence, took a lot of doing and held things up a moment. Mrs. Fred Sturges's new brown mare "Grandma" turned upside down, but they were up and going again in a minute, with hounds now fairly flying towards Frazier; but, keeping the station well on their right, pushed their fox to ground near the covert, after having given us a delightful sixty-five minutes.

A second fox was pushed out of a neighboring wood, but hounds were barely settled to the line when the rain came

down in torrents, scent failing at once. Coat-collars were turned up, throat-latches buttoned, and the wet procession started for home. Fifteen miles is a long way in the rain.

Tuesday, 30th December, 1913

Some crossroads may be appropriate places for hounds to meet, but an old country inn or tavern always seems to me the more fitting spot. There's that air of the old-time world and a certain lack of present-day hustle and bustle about an inn that fits in so well with hounds.

Newtown Square this morning at ten-thirty was more like a lazy day in early June than the end of December; and, to quote the newspapers, the present month has been the warmest December since 1790. Hounds have not been stopped by frost yet this season, and the farmers are beginning to worry about getting their ice-houses filled.

Mr. Vauclain's peach orchard was, as usual, the first draw; hounds finding at once, and Reynard giving us a nice view as he leaped out over the tall grass, ran to the top of the hill, sat down, looked around at hounds, and, after taking stock of the situation, galloped on, making a big circle of the farm, hounds carrying the line back to covert; but, pushing through, crossed the Newtown Road into Battles, and, keeping the little stone farmhouse on their left, swung down into Snakehouse Wood and on through to Trimble's Hollow; then, bearing left-handed, they fairly raced down the meadows to the covered bridge on the Line Road, where, at a moment's check, hounds ran on up the hillside to the Glendenning Farm, checking again along the creek opposite the Mark Hopkins barn.

A farmhand at the barn had viewed, so a forward cast by Will Leverton put hounds right again, and, pointing

down-country, they carried it to Palmer's Mill, through the covered bridge (nothing sounds better than a pack in full cry going through a covered bridge) to the Rose Tree Race Track, where they made the lower turn of the track, and sinking the hill crossed the road into Dr. Jim Hutchinson's farm.

Hounds were at fault in the quarry an instant, then running up the creek through Palmer's Mill again, and on over the same line as we had come down-country to Snakehouse and Trimble's Hollow; hounds being whipped off at the covered bridge in the hollow, after two hours and forty minutes of very beautiful hound work, and scent just holding enough to keep them on their noses and allow the field to stay on terms with them. It's a hilly bit of country, but something quite fascinating about it, and hounds are apt to run well there, but not at great speed. There were not many out, only Henry and Mrs. Collins; Mrs. Victor Mather; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Miss Betty Sinnickson; Miss Ruth Wood; Isaac and Mrs. Clothier; and Ned Dougherty.

Saturday, 17th January, 1914

It's always a great pleasure, as well as very good for one, to hunt with a neighboring pack. One gets in a rut if one never sees how they do it in some one's else country; and to-day's run with the Brandywine, although short, was most interesting and delightful.

But how could it be anything but delightful, with such a host as the Master of the Brandywine, Charles E. Mather, Esq., and his two charming foxhunting daughters to receive you and your wife, even if it was raining like the proverbial cats and dogs, and the prospects for the morrow anything but propitious. But after a good dinner,

a pleasant chat for a couple of hours with a bit of music, we went out and took a smell at the weather and decided the worst of the storm was over and that the morrow would be fine. Our guess was right. The morning was beautiful. Hounds were on the hill back of the house when we had finished breakfast at nine-thirty, and the horses waiting for us at the door.

Mr. Mather kindly mounted me on a chestnut mare, "Southern Girl" out of "Miss Louden," by "Pagan," one of his own breeding, as were all the other horses in the field, including the hounds.

Mr. William M. Kerr drove in the gate just as we were getting up. He was given that good old chaser "Homespun" to ride, and we jogged over to take a look at the hounds, and as Sabretache says in "The Tatler":

"There's a very different feeling comes to one on a morning like this. It's all a bit strange, the horse, the hounds, the country; and, my! how big and upstanding the fences are, and you wish the other fellows did not look so confoundedly brave. But it all vanishes after you've had two or three of the best, and 'Chestnutoss' has given you that great feel, that he always did, of being able to go about six inches higher and two yards farther, if necessary, and the saddle, that seemed to have forgotten how to fit you, slips back into all the old niches that make you believe that you could n't possibly come unstuck, even if he went half across the next field on his head! One light note in covert, the crash as hounds go out over the boundary fence, one touch of the horn, and the whistle of God's glorious oxygen past your back hair as 'Chestnutoss' gets a nice hold and drops on to his bit with a sort of 'what's-all-the-fuss-about?' manner, and you are right in a thing called a trivet — whatever that may be. I've

never owned a trivet myself — only a greyhound and a disreputable black cat."

Thompson had out a mixed pack of twenty and a half couples of as nice-looking hounds as I ever had the good fortune to ride behind; but conditions were against us by the time we reached the first covert, as a high, cold wind sprang up at ten o'clock. Hounds had many blank draws, but pushed on northward until finally Jack Potter, the first whipper-in, viewed a fox away from Young's Wood with hounds right on his brush. They fairly flew, giving us a fifteen-minute gallop over a beautiful line of grass country to earth on the hillside back of the Poor House. Hounds were marking their fox well to ground, when we came up.

"Homespun" came to grief with Mr. Kerr right at the start; but they were up and going again immediately and none the worse for wear.

The field was small, which adds so much to one's pleasure, including only the Master; Miss Josephine Mather; Miss Dorothy Mather; Mr. Kerr; Gilbert Mather; and a couple of farmer friends.

Friday, 23rd January, 1914

After having drawn the Radnor Barrens and Hospital Farm blank, we met Serrill's hounds at Newtown Square, and, joining forces, crossed the Pike into Mr. Vauclain's meadow, where hounds went away at once, giving volumes of tongue through the tall grass, when, to our surprise, a black cat was viewed away, fairly sailing over the next field with a fox not fifty yards behind it. Mr. Cat went to earth or a tree, but the fox was a straight-necked chap, for he pointed to Snakehouse, but, keeping it on his left, led hounds with a catchy scent to Trimble's Hollow, where scent improved wonderfully, hounds racing at top speed

through Hunting Hill to Castle Rocks, where they turned right-handed down the creek to Trimble's Hollow again, on to Broadlawn and back to earth in Snakehouse Wood, in fifty-three minutes of very fast work, especially the last part of it.

Mrs. Sharp, riding a beautiful line of her own, quite distinguished herself over a lot of big worm fences.

Among the others in the best of it were: Mrs. Paul D. Mills; Miss Gertrude Henry; Alex. Brown; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Ned Blabon; and Ned and Miss Dougherty.

Tuesday, 27th January, 1914

Owing to a heavy fog, hounds were kept in kennels until noon, and by that time practically the entire field was made up of ladies, the principal topic of conversation being the news that W. Plunket Stewart had just bought a large farm near Unionville, and the Unionville hounds as well, expecting to establish a pack there and hunt the country, calling it the Cheshire.

Hounds found in Innes's Wood, getting away on good terms with their fox, raced him across the White Horse Road into the Delmas Farm, to Lockwood's Hollow, through the Leopard to Hawthorne, where they swung down-country to Old Square, when at a moment's check they went on to the Hospital Farm, where, in doing the in and out over the railroad, Miss Frances Stokes's horse went down on the ice, breaking her left leg above the ankle. After being put up, she rode her horse out the lane with Miss Barclay and Miss Gladys Williams, and there met Plunket Stewart's motor, which kindly took her to the hospital.

Hounds went on, crossing Bryn Mawr Avenue into the Barrens, to Foxcroft, Bromall, and down-country to the Lawrence Mills.

Thursday, 3rd February, 1914

In drawing the Charlton Yarnall Farm, Radnor hounds harked to Sam Kirk's pack that had just found, and Radnor's field had a hard gallop to get on terms with the two packs, which they did in the White Horse Farm.

As we were coming out by the Red Bridge, the wife of a well-known M.F.H. turned upside down in the big meadow, but, fortunately, it was good falling to-day, as the going was soft. Fred Sturges and Ben Chew caught her horse, put her up, and off she galloped, never waiting for them to get up, and, as Fred Sturges's "Pocono" is sometimes hard to mount, he lost a good part of the run, but finally caught up.

Hounds ran with a fair scent to Cathcart's Rocks, over the hill and on to Malvern Barrens, where another wife of an M.F.H. came to grief, and, unfortunately, with more dire results, but to the horse and not the lady. "Failian," Mrs. Valentine's good chestnut hunter, put his foot in a deep frozen hole, turned over, and cut his leg badly. Howard Lewis stopped the blood, and Mrs. Howard Henry rode home with her; but it was Mrs. Valentine's unlucky day, as having telephoned for her motor, and coming by the corner at Old Square, it met a Ford truck head on. The result, as may be imagined, was quite disastrous to the Ford. In the meantime, hounds had gone through the Barrens and out the upper end. Crossing the Sugartown Road, they bore right-handed across the State Road by the Rush Hospital, and fairly flew on up-country to Hershey's Mill, where, instead of going to earth as we all expected, our fox went on to the Convent; keeping it on their right, hounds ran to Green Hill Station, then left-handed to Hoopes Bros. and Thomas Nurseries, where scent failed, as it so often does in these nurseries; but,

having had an hour and fifty minutes of good galloping, every one was quite ready to call it quits, especially those who had to ride the thirteen miles back to kennels.

There were very few left at the bitter end; only Horace Hare, M.F.H.; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Ned Blabon; Antelo and Mrs. Devereux; "Pick" Harrison; Mrs. Bill Clothier; Miss Ruth Wood; "Bill" Warden; Mr. Fiske; and "Jack" Caffery.

Tuesday, 31st March, 1914

THERE is always a great satisfaction in ending anything well, whether it's a story, a love affair, or a hunting season. Hounds did it to-day to the Queen's taste.

Meeting at the kennels at seven A.M., hounds found their fox in Dr. Bartholomew's Wood, and, although the sun was hot and horses lathered from the start, ran their fox for two hours and twenty minutes with hardly a check worth mentioning. Joe Serrill viewed this fox crossing the Leopard Road, hounds running with a breast-high scent into the Delmas Farm, to Mr. Pepper's, Lockwood's Hollow, Van Meeter's, and Cathcart's Rocks, where a Boy Scout viewed again, then on to William Evans's, the Boyer Davis Farm, and into the Malvern Barrens. Racing through covert, hounds crossed the road into the Rush Hospital, where a man working on a roof viewed again and waved us on up-country; and, keeping Goshenville to their right, hounds ran in sight of their fox through an orchard, and, turning homewards, came back to the Barrens, on down through Evans's to the White Horse Farm, where we viewed again, with the fox barely a hundred yards in front of hounds. But Reynard made the wood first, hounds pushing him on to Lockwood's Hollow; where, as some one said, it was a pity to

Silhouette by the Author

MRS. JOHN R. VALENTINE ON "FAILIAN"

1914

kill a good vixen, hounds were whipped off and the season closed.

There were only eight of us out: Horace Hare; Mr. Fiske; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Mrs. Sharp; "Bill" Rolin; and Frank Lloyd.

SEASON OF 1914–1915

SEASON OF 1914–1915

It has always seemed to me that those hunting people who never begin hunting until the regular season commences, in November, miss half the delights of the game. Anything that one gets real enjoyment from is worth a little hardship; and it certainly pays in regard to hunting.

It seems like getting up in the middle of the night the first time one does it; but that good early morning smell; the hack to covert in the dark; and the glorious music of about thirty couples of hounds as they go swishing through the wet grass; a field of only three or four out and all in rat-catcher kit, and all with the same trend of thought! Who is the "lay-a-bed" chap who says it does not pay? He's never tried it; that's the reason he talks as he does.

"But what a blessing it is," as my father used to say, "that we all don't think alike." Otherwise, there would be no nice small fields in August and September, and we would not have that feeling, after a morning's cubbing, of having sort of "put one over" on the other fellows.

The present generation of sportsmen — and especially the younger ones — are a bit prone to want their sport made easy for them. Motors, too, have quite taken away one of the most delightful parts of a day's hunting; that of hacking to the meet and the hack home with a congenial friend; a good pipe of tobacco and maybe a nip or two from a flask; and, as Sabretache, in his "Pictures in the Fire," says:

"How often in riding to the meet have you met and been greatly amused by overtaking a chap who evidently had gotten out of bed that morning with the wrong foot

first. Nothing is right with him or his world; horse won't walk; there's a button giving him Hades inside his boot; the bad-worded groom has put on the very saddle that he does n't like; it's a rotten part of the country we are going into; not a dog's earthly of a gallop, and, even if we do, the whole place is wired like a mouse-trap; then, cuss these motors that make his nasty, flashy, washy chestnut shy and go up on the bank; dash the wind that won't let him light a cigarette; and if ever he rides that horse again may he be boiled; he'd sell him for half-a-pound of tea (rather a high figure to put on him in these days); and why the devil grooms put on odd leathers and can't take the trouble to burnish one's irons, blessed if he knows . . . and so forth and so on! Poor old thing! He's bound to be in trouble, a man like this, who starts out looking for it. First thing that happens to him is that the chestnut, who will not wait his turn at a gate, bangs his knee against it, and then, raking at his bridle, nearly puts one of his thumbs out of joint against the breast-plate; next thing, at a small place that a donkey could jump, the chestnut drops his hind legs in, and flounders and sprawls in a manner that nearly causes the owner to leave the plate. Know him? Of course, you know him, so do we all!"

So different from the other kind of fellow, who, like the "lady" who went to the ball-dance and said she'd had a splendid time — three falls, four Scotches, and a mazurka — is full of beans and benevolence, no matter what happens. When you meet him after the first scene of the first act, — say after those men on the haystack have interfered with the plot as originally arranged by the high-class expert who is hunting the hounds, — he has a nasty red-mark bang across his nose, there's a hole in the top of his new "Hard-hitter," and the nice-looking bay five-

year-old he is riding has a large consignment of Chester County distributed over his forehead-band and face. Mr. Fuller-Beans says, in reply to your inquiry about the *bouleversement:* "Not a bit, old cock! And he's never put a foot wrong since! A real topper, and he'll make up into one of the very best." And that nice, persevering young bay horse does perform brilliantly in Act II, just because he realizes that Mr. Fuller-Beans's heart is in the right place, and that a little matter like that fall over the bit of a stick that mended that gap is not the kind of thing that is going to choke him off or upset his temper. However, it takes all kinds of people to make up the world, and most of them are pretty nice, especially the ladies.

Hounds went cubbing for the first time in 1915, on August 31st, at five-thirty from the kennels. From then on, until the opening of the season, sport was fair, with a good showing of cubs, but very dry weather, which interfered with scent at times.

Horace B. Hare, M.F.H., Harry W. Harrison, Francis V. Lloyd, and Mrs. Victor C. Mather have been the regulars out; but the meet at Happy Creek Farms on Saturday, 7th November, brought out a field of forty-five. Hounds met as usual on the lawn at ten o'clock; but the country was so dry that scent was poor all day. Finding their first fox in Innes's Wood, hounds ran to Brooks's Wood, turned east and worked slowly out to the Leopard Road, where they gave it up. A second fox was viewed away from Dr. Bartholomew's Wood, hounds crossing the road into Mr. Pepper's, then left-handed to the Delmas Farm, over the White Horse Road to Innes's Wood, and on down country to earth in Harrison's meadow. Hounds then pushed a third fox out of Mr. John Brown's covert, but could do nothing with it, so were taken home.

BRYN MAWR HOUND SHOW

September, 1914

THE first step in any direction is always the hardest, and John Valentine, Plunket Stewart, and I did a lot of talking, thinking, and scheming before we finally decided to try and hold a Hound Show in connection with the Bryn Mawr Horse Show.

We finally called a meeting of the Masters of Hounds of the neighborhood, and, finding it was agreeable to them, set to work to raise the necessary funds.

That good sportsman, Mr. Beale, was the first to make a donation, and from then on things went quite smoothly. We elected officers, etc., made up our classes, sent out notices, and finally the entry blanks, with the following Committees, Judges, etc.:

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A. HENRY HIGGINSON, ESQ.

With his winning pack of five couples of English hounds, at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show, 1914

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BEAGLES

Thomas Cadwalader, Esq., Philadelphia
Elliot C. Cowdin, Esq., New York

The entries quite surprised us, and at closing time we had hounds and beagles from twenty-one of the foremost kennels in America, namely: Myopia, Brandywine, Ches-

hire, Elkridge, Green Spring Valley, Harford County, Middlesex, Mr. McComb's Hounds, Meadow Brook, Piedmont, Pickering, Radnor, Rose Tree, Mr. Riddle's, White Marsh Valley, and Wheatley Beagles, Radnor Beagles, Mr. Justice's Beagles, Mr. Barnard's Beagles, Mr. Rieger's and Somerset Beagles.

Showing fox hounds was more or less of a new game to many of the Masters, but it was most encouraging to some of us who had worked over the show to see their enthusiasm and to have their support; and, whether their hounds won or lost, they all promised to come back next year.

Wednesday, 18th November, 1914

As Chester County and the Radnor side of Delaware County are under quarantine, owing to the epidemic of hoof and mouth disease, Radnor hounds are forced to remain in kennels.

As Rose Tree, under M. Roy Jackson, M.F.H., are still going out, Plunket Stewart, Fred Sturges, and I had a most enjoyable day with them, meeting at the Rose Tree kennels at eight-thirty, with a small field of eight, including Mrs. Sellers, Emanuel Hey, "Lee" Riddle, George Donnon, and a colored man, who annoyed Plunket Stewart greatly, by being always just in front of him, until hounds found and were really away, when we had things all to ourselves, while it lasted; but the pleasure was short, though exciting, nevertheless.

After drawing several large coverts, a fox was finally viewed away from Darlington's Thicket; hounds giving volumes of tongue and, only two fields behind their fox, raced him for about five minutes, catching up with him at a worm fence; the fox zigzaging through it, with hounds

snapping at him from all sides, until at a corner in the fence they rolled him over, when, much to our surprise, the fox jumped out of the middle of the pack and ran into a wood. Going through the wood into one Harry Phillips's farmyard, hounds rolled him over again. We thought, of course, hounds had certainly killed this time; but luck was with this fox, for, when we galloped down the lane into the yard, instead of finding hounds breaking him up, there sat Reynard on the window-sill, inside the spring-house, looking out and making faces at the hounds.

Plunket Stewart's big grey "Ben" fell on a slippery bank, just at the spring-house, but, fortunately, with no very serious results.

5th January, 1915

Hounds were quarantined until New Year's Day, so we missed the six best weeks of the season; but such is fate.

The first draw to-day was Broadlawn, but found it blank, and in working up the creak found a fox on foot in Castle Rocks, but he loved his home too well and popped under in a very few minutes.

On crossing the Pike into Delchester Farms, a good fox went out of covert, hounds working it slowly, and at a nice hand gallop, for an hour and ten minutes. Coming out of Delchester, hounds crossed the Goshen Road into Fairy Hill, through it to the Bryn Clovis Dairy, over the Sugartown Road into William Evans's wood, where accidents began to happen. Mrs. Fred Sturges hit the limb of a tree and had a very bloody nose, as did Ben Chew. I had a fall on the frozen ground over the fence into Evans's meadow, and Harry Harrison did likewise a few minutes later.

Hounds ran on slowly to Cathcart's Rocks, made a circle of the White Horse Farm, going back to the Rocks and

out the other side to Van Meeter's, where, at a check, they were taken home.

Thursday, 14th January, 1915

Hounds met at the kennels at ten-thirty, with a good share of the field made up of the fair sex; and what could be more delightful? We hacked up the Goshen Road to Brooks's Wood, and it fell to my good fortune to ride with a most beautiful and dashing young lady, who was very evidently trying in a roundabout way to lead me to believe that the recent gossip about her and a certain Mr. G., a rather flighty foxhunter from a neighboring country, was not true. I, apparently, swallowed it all, but know otherwise, as I happened to be there, as Buck would say, "meself."

However, I don't blame the man at all, and, besides, what can a gentleman do, under the circumstances, especially when the lady is so extremely alluring? And what 's more, she goes — well to hounds too. Women and hounds are a bad combination, and, when taken separately, they often enough lead to as much mischief as when combined. But, be that as it may, when we arrived at Brooks's Wood, Horace Hare discovered that Sam Kirk's hounds were in covert ahead of us. He passed the word along, and we galloped "hell for leather" to the covered bridge and put hounds into Mr. Yarnall's covert before Kirkie reached there. They opened up at once, just beyond the lake, running with a beautiful cry up the hillside, where we viewed our fox, creeping along the foundations of Mr. Yarnall's new house, just as hounds rolled him over.

When Horace and Will Leverton were doing the honors over Reynard's remains, it was discovered he had one hind leg fast in a steel trap, with about twelve inches of heavy

chain attached to the trap, so no wonder the poor fox was caught so quickly. With Will Leverton riding in front, holding the fox, trap, and chain, we all very solemnly rode over to Mr. Yarnall's farmhouse, called the farmer out, presented him with the fox, and told him to keep it and show it to Mr. Yarnall. Of course, he said he did n't set the trap, etc. But — it should n't occur.

Solemnly we moved on, hoping the farmer had been deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation, and, on reaching Cathcart's Rocks, "Pick" Harrison viewed another fox out the upper side of covert. Hounds were lifted to the view, took it up at once, and swung left-handed back to the Rocks and out the other side, as if going down-country. Most of the field had galloped up the hill back of covert, so, when hounds came crashing back over the creek and out the upper end again, nearly every one had a bad start. But a few of us were on the inside of the circle and had a beautiful gallop to "Bill" Evans's and through Boyer Davis's, to the earth outside the Malvern Barrens, where hounds marked their fox to ground.

Our third fox must have had a lady-love in covert, for he would not go out and run. Several times hounds pushed him out a few yards, when he would turn back, and on one occasion Ned Blabon tried to head him off, but the fox dodged around his horse and beat him to it.

Saturday, 16th January, 1915

It's a long, long drill to Goshen School, where we met this beautiful day; and after finding Shellbark and Hershey's Mill blank, worked down-country to Charles Cox's, where a good stout fox broke right in front of hounds, and we were sailing along when my faithful horse "Castlereagh" put me down in a wood lane, just below Rocky Hill.

Jack Caffery caught my horse, and, after a short gallop, caught hounds at a check and just in time to see Sam Chew and "Jim Bloodso" slide around the corner at Rocky Hill on their backs. I thought I was muddy, but Sam did me one better.

Hounds now turned sharply east, and, keeping the Malvern Barrens on their right, crossed the State Road into the Hog Lane Woods, then on up-country to Hershey's Mill, where they turned again, and heading down-country fairly flew towards the Malvern Barrens.

Where hounds finally flew to, I have n't heard, for I stopped in the Stuart Farm with Bob Montgomery, to see if we could do anything to help Alexander D. "Rudder" Grange, whose horse, "Golden Glow," had turned over on him, in jumping a fence out of a soft cornfield. He looked in pretty bad shape when we carried him into the Stuart cottage on a shutter, and Dr. Kurtz, of Malvern, who arrived soon after, confirmed our worst fears. It seemed hours before the ambulance from the Bryn Mawr Hospital came; but, fortunately, unconsciousness relieved his suffering, and, in spite of an operation, as the last resort, he died Tuesday morning.

Monday, 22nd February, 1915
"Washington's Birthday"

"Too many cooks spoil the broth," and I've often felt that too many packs of hounds spoil a hunt; but I was wrong to-day, for, despite having three packs together, hounds ran two hours and fifteen minutes.

We met at White Horse — Radnor, Kirk's, and Serrill's hounds — and, as they moved off, I could n't help thinking of the poem about Andy Hartigan's bobbery pack, that came out in *Punch*, some time ago.

THE BOBBERY PACK

Andy Hartigan's dead and gone
Over the hills and further yet,
But he drank good port and his red face shone
Like a cider apple of Somerset.

Ten strange couples o' hounds he had —
"Gaunt" old brutes that had hunted fox
Back in the days when Noah was a lad,
Touched in the bellows and gone at the hocks —

Hounds he'd stole from a Harrier pack,
Hounds he'd borrowed an' begged an' found,
Grey an' yellow an' tan an' black,
Every conceivable kind o' hound.

He called them "harriers," and a few
WERE harriers — back when the world began —
But they were n't particular where they drew
An' they were n't particular what they ran.

I mind him once of a bygone morn,
Ruddy an' round on his flea-bit horse,
Twangin' a note on his battered horn
An' cappin' them into the Frenchman gorse.

They pushed a brown hare out of her form
An' swung on her line with a crash of tongues:
But a vixen crossed an' her scent was warm,
So they ran her, screechin' to burst their lungs.

They ran her into my lord's demesne,
Where my lady's fallows were grazing free;
They picked a stag and followed again,
Singing like souls in ecstasy.

They chased the stag up over the ridge
With lolling tongues an' with heaving flanks;
They lost him down by the Cluddah bridge,
But killed an otter on Cluddah's banks.

They had no shape an' they had no style;
Their manners were bad and their morals slack;
They were noisy, but wonderful versatile,
Andy Hartigan's bobbery pack.

But, unlike Andy Hartigan's, this mixture of blood and color stuck to their original quarry, and going away, like the proverbial "bat out of hell," from William Evans's meadow, raced across the White Horse Farm to Mr. Yarnall's, around his new house and out to the covered bridge. Crossing the Goshen Road into Dr. Stengle's, they sank the vale into Shrimer's Clearing, on up-country to Dutton's Mill, to Miss Hook's, swinging right-handed into the Bryn Clovis Dairy Farm, and on to Cathcart's Rocks, where some of us thought he went to earth; but, if he did, he pushed another fresh fox out for hounds, for, after a moment's check, they sailed on across the Seventy-Six Farm, to Lockwood's, Mr. Pepper's, Dr. White's, and back to Yarnall's, where, at a check by the bridge, the straggling hounds caught up. Horace Hare made a forward cast over the road; hounds opened up to the line at once and took us up-country again to Delchester, where scent failed.

Out of a field of fifty at the start, only ten survived the day. Accidents were numerous, but not serious. Miss Rulon Miller turned a corner too fast, back of Dutton's Mill, and went down; Mrs. Frazier Harrison's saddle turned, and she came to grief; Gerry Leiper's horse fell on the Sugartown Road; and Charlie Munn took a beautiful fall, somewhere, I can't remember the exact spot.

Those at the end were: Horace Hare, M.F.H.; Ned and Miss Dougherty; Harry Barclay; Fred Sturges; Lemuel Altemus; Sam Kirk; Walter Stokes; and Gerry Leiper.

Tuesday, 23rd March, 1915

ANOTHER hunting season closed to-day with a most fitting ending. Hounds ran an hour and fifty-five minutes, with only one check, and that of only four minutes, covering quite nineteen miles and taking us clear out of our country.

Photograph by Reily & Way

HORACE B. HARE, ESQ., M.F.H.
With the Radnor Pack at Penn Tavern, 1915

It adds so much to a run if hounds take one out of one's own country; especially, if it's the last run of the season, then you have something a little bit better than the other good days to think about all during the summer months, or until about the middle of July, when you bring your horses in from grass and begin to think about cubbing.

At the invitation of Samuel Kirk, Radnor and Serrill's hounds met with his hounds at Kirk's farm, at ten-thirty, and found immediately just outside Kirk's wood; the forty-two and one half couples going away at a racing clip to the Edgemont Road, into John Converse's farm and on to Pratt's wood, where some one viewed the fox crossing the road into Delchester. Hounds ran straight across the big Delchester fields into Dutton's Mill, where they turned sharply left-handed, going back to the edge of Delchester, where a fresh fox, a vixen, jumped up right in front of the pack and went to earth in the next field. The hunted fox was viewed crossing the West Chester Pike at the Street Road. Will Leverton lifted hounds to the view, when they owned the line at once, running with a good scent through Greenbriar Thicket, and, sinking the valley, took us up-country for a couple of miles, over a lovely bit of country, nearly to Westtown; but, keeping it on their right, hounds turned left again and, going entirely out of our country, crossed the Chester Creek at Locksley Station, then up the hill and straight on southeast to the House of Refuge, making a big circle through some stone quarries, crossed a high railroad embankment that was a mean one to ride down, and on to Markham, where they swung a bit left-handed to Concordville, and, racing down a beautiful long meadow with the fox continually in view, hounds only just back of him, it looked as if Reynard would lose his brush for certain; but he gave hounds the slip, put them

to their noses again, and, on reaching a hilltop, we could see our fox, barely able to crawl, being chased by a man only two fields ahead of hounds. A friendly lane here gave us a short cut, and, on galloping up, instead of finding hounds worrying their fox, we found the aforementioned man standing up in a motor in front of the Chester Heights Church, holding the fox by the back of its neck, with the forty-two and one half couples of hounds giving him a very nervous time. Will Leverton and Sam Kirk soon relieved his anxiety, and we started a long fourteen miles back home *via* Sycamore Mills.

We were so far out of our own country at one time that not one of the field knew where we were; but on coming on to a road I saw a sign-post, marking the Pennsylvania and Delaware boundary. We went a couple of miles farther south from this point, so were well within the Delaware State lines.

All that were left out of a field of over fifty, were: John R. Valentine, ex-M.F.H., of Radnor; Fred Sturges on "Cheavau"; Nelson Buckley on "Ruskin"; Ned Dougherty; Miss Ruth Wood on the little grey Arab; Grafton Pyne, of New York; Lehrman Stuart, of Baltimore; Gerry Leiper; Sam Pinkerton, Rose Tree's ex-huntsman; Dr. Evans following along the roads in a motor; and Dr. Edgar Powell on a chestnut three-year-old.

SEASON OF 1915–1916

SEASON OF 1915–1916

A GOOD many years ago, some one said — "A pack of hounds was never successfully hunted by a Committee." It's been tried lots of times, not only here at Radnor, but in other places, so when Horace Hare resigned the Mastership, and a Hunt Committee was elected at the Annual Meeting, there were many misgivings, until Benjamin Chew was elected Master in the spring of 1915. He had the happy faculty of imbuing new life and enthusiasm in the Radnor foxhunters, besides which, by his efforts, the much-needed improvements to the Club House were accomplished, the kennels and stables done over, everything painted, and our previous steward, Louis Meimbresse, reinstated when the alterations were completed.

Cubbing started August 10th, at 5 A.M. from the kennels; Will Leverton hunting the bitch pack of twenty couples, including the young lady entry, with Harry Brown as whipper-in. Only four of us turned up at the meet, Ben Chew, M.F.H., William E. Carter, and William, Jr. We were all delighted the way the young hounds entered to their work, and went home to breakfast that morning with that wonderful feeling that another hunting season had started, and started well.

Cubs and foxes were very plentiful, hounds giving us some splendid mornings right on through to the opening of the regular season.

On August 18th, I had my first day with Plunket Stewart's new Cheshire hounds, which met on the lawn at five-thirty and found a good running cub, just back of the kennels, that gave us a very satisfactory morning of two

hours and a half, and, when we pulled out at eight o'clock, hounds were still going. I had a very nice ride on a mare named "Rapacious," that afterwards was raced with some success by Antelo Devereux.

Saturday, 4th December, 1915

THAT very good friend of Radnor, Sam Kirk, gave another of his celebrated breakfasts at his farm at White Horse; hounds meeting at eleven o'clock with both Kirk's and Radnor hounds in the stable-yard.

They found almost immediately, going away towards White Horse, with a field of over eighty that seemed a bit unruly at first, but at the pace hounds set, things were not congested long. Hounds checked a moment in John Converse's farm, then raced on into Delchester, where Alec Brown and Henry Collins came to grief over a big fence out of the orchard, and where hounds marked their fox to ground.

William Evans had a fall over a wire fence back of the little schoolhouse and cut his horse's leg quite badly.

Two foxes went out of the main Delchester covert at the next draw, hounds settling on the line of one that took them back to White Horse, through Fairy Hill to the Klemm Farm, and on to ground in the Malvern Barrens. Another fox was found in the Barrens, hounds pushing him out the lower side, where we viewed him pointing towards the big earth on the Disston property. Fred Sturges galloped to the earth and kept the fox from going under. Reynard then started down-country, but, keeping the White Horse Farms on his left, made for Evans's meadow, then on to Fairy Hill, through the cemetery, across the road, and, turning right-handed at the back of the Penn Tavern, hounds pushed him to earth also in Delchester, after a very

Photograph by Reily & Way

BENJAMIN CHEW, ESQ., M.F.H. ON "OVIAT"
J. STANLEY REEVE, ESQ., ON "POACHER"
At the opening meet of the Season at Happy Creek Farms, October 30, 1915

fast eighteen minutes, and after which they were taken home.

Some of those out were: Sam Kirk, M.F.H.; Benjamin Chew, M.F.H., on "Oviat"; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Miss Rose Dolan on "Circus"; Miss Ruth Wood; Mrs. Victor C. Mather; Antelo and Mrs. Devereux; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Paul and Mrs. Mills; Charlie and Mrs. Munn; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Lawrence Bodine; Louis S. Fiske; W. M. Kerr; Ned Blabon; Harry Harrison; Walter and Lowber Stokes; Miss Fox; Mr. Beale; Lem Altemus; Mrs. C. R. Snowden; Alec Brown; Hinckle Smith; and Frank Lloyd.

Sunday, 12th December, 1915

If it had n't snowed, what a sporting tour we would have had! And as it turned out, we had a real time, but of a different sort than anticipated.

Through the courtesy of Charles E. Mather, Esq., M.F.H. of the Brandywine, and W. Plunket Stewart, Esq., M.F.H. Cheshire, the Radnor hounds, Benjamin Chew, Esq., M.F.H., were invited to hunt the Cheshire country on Tuesday, the 14th, and the Radnor field invited to hunt with the Cheshire hounds on Monday, the 13th, and with the Brandywine at Marshallton, on Wednesday, the 14th.

In order to get a good start for the week, Mr. Mather invited the Radnor beagles, Clarence H. Clarke, III, Esq., M.B.H., to meet at his Brandywine Meadows Farm on Sunday, at three o'clock. So after a luncheon that was much too delicious and big to run on, a field of twenty-five trailed along after the pack, and, in going into the first field across the road, a rabbit was viewed away right in front of hounds, but a patch of briars saved his skin, and, after a short walk to a hilltop, the beagles went away like a pack of fox

hounds, giving beautiful tongue, and, swinging right-handed, crossed a swamp on the ice and made a mile and a half point before turning, and finally brought us nearly back to the find. The Jelly Dogs ran the legs off almost the entire field, only seven of us going to the bitter end, and we were about all in. "Buzzy" Smith was hunting the hounds, and, as we were jogging down a road with very high banks on either side, we heard a crushing noise, and a dark object landed head-first in a bush along the roadside. It picked itself up, and turned out to be Charlie Da Costa, none the worse for wear. Next Miss "Letty" McKeim fell in a brook; the water was cold, but felt good, I guess, for she stayed on with us, being the only surviving lady; the rest of our first flight being Ben Chew, Plunket Stewart, and Gilbert Mather. It was evidently a fox's line, and not a rabbit, the beagles were running.

Tea, with something in it, tasted pretty good when we finally came in and joined the rest of the field who had fizzed out at varying stages in the run, among them being: the Misses Josephine and Dorothy Mather; Mrs. Reeve; Mrs. Chew; Prince Paul Troubetzkoy; Victor and Mrs. Mather; R. Penn Smith; Williams and Mrs. Cadwallader; and Mrs. John Converse.

After tea we motored to Chesterland, where Plunket Stewart was to be our host for the remainder of the week; the party consisting of Messrs. Stewart, Devereux, Chew, Kerr, Lloyd, and Reeve.

After seeing that the Radnor hounds and the forty-seven horses that came up from the Radnor country had arrived, and giving strict orders to the very accommodating proprietor of the Unionville Hotel, Mr. Newlin, where our horses were stabled, that no groom was to be sold enough liquor to make him drunk, and after filling up a few cracks

in the side of the stable with straw, we decided to get a good night's sleep, so as to be in fine trim for the morrow.

We were in good trim when the morning came, but sadly out of luck as regards the weather, for it was snowing hard, blowing a gale, and cold as the North Pole. Mrs. Howard Henry telephoned, just as we were getting up, to know what the weather was like with us, so we told her to come on over, and she did, motoring forty-five miles from Camp Hill in the storm and wrecking her car on a rock at the gateway. By ten o'clock we had a fine party in the making, and it made out splendidly all day and part of it all night.

Nelson Buckley and Chris Hagen came from the hotel where they were stopping; Miss Rose Dolan motored over, bringing Miss Hopkins, John Tucker, and "Buzzy" Smith; Victor and Mrs. Mather and Miss Josephine Mather came from Brandywine; Drexel Paul and Frank Lloyd also arrived; altogether Plunket had a party of nineteen for lunch, with everybody hungry and thirsty, and, as is always the case with our host, there was food and drink for all.

Ben Chew and I walked through the snow to Unionville in the afternoon to have a look at the horses. Of the others, some slept, some ate, and some drank; but all were merry, whichever of the three they were doing. Towards evening, Mr. B., waking up and seeing Mr. C. asleep by the fire, with a tall glass by his elbow, said, "Now's my chance to tell C. what I think of him! C., you are a pink-wissered scoundrel; but, if you were awake, I'd call you a gentleman." Some one said, "A pink what?" and he answered, "Wissered, wissered, damn it! Don't you know what wissers are?" He was quickly given another, and went peacefully to sleep again. But his name was "Wissers" the rest of the visit.

Those who had motored from a distance had a bad time getting home, some of the cars spending the rest of the week at Unionville. By Tuesday morning all the roads were blocked with snow, and the country impossible to hunt, so we decided to try to get home. Nelson Buckley said his old Simplex car could go across country, so we started out for Kennett Square in it and caught a train to Philadelphia at noon; but the poor horses and hounds did n't fare so well, as it took them seven hours to do the twenty-five miles back to kennels through the snow.

Speaking of Nelson Buckley reminds me of the story they tell of his first appearance with the Radnor hounds, a good many years ago, in Mr. Mather's régime.

"Buck" appeared on the scene one fine morning, resplendent in new scarlet and spotless leathers, and went up to Mr. Mather, who was standing on the Club House steps, and presented him with a supposed letter of introduction, saying, "I am Mr. Buckley, of Erdenheim." Mr. Mather, in his usual, most hospitable manner, just glanced at the note and told "Mr. Buckley, of Erdenheim," how delighted he was to welcome him to Radnor, etc.

Hounds moved off; the business of the day absorbed the M.F.H., and it was not until he was at home that evening that he re-read the note "Buck" had given him, which ran something like this:

My dear Mr. Mather:

This will introduce to you my very dear friend, Mr. Buckley, of Erdenheim, an ardent foxhunter and sportsman of the highest type; and I trust you will extend to him the hospitalities (both liquid and otherwise) of the Radnor Hunt.

(Signed) R. Nelson Buckley

Photograph by Harry S. Hood

MRS. HOWARD H. HENRY AND MRS. A. J. A. DEVEREUX
At the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, 1920

Needless to say, the story was too good to be kept secret, and "Buck" was the recipient of a good deal of ragging, until one day, some weeks later, at about that hour when the sun passes over the yardarm, and Mr. Buckley, of Erdenheim, was modestly boasting of some of his exploits, conquests, or whatever may be the most polite term, it was unanimously decided to perform a slight operation on him. On being laid out on the improvised operating-table, it was discovered that he had an unusually large roll of money in his breeches' pocket. Therefore, the self-appointed surgeons appropriated the money as their just fees.

Upon the recovery of the patient, some one suggested it was a charity case, so the money was returned at once.

No one had counted the money; no one knew how much they had taken; but each gave back a handful of bills. But the patient that night, on reaching home, proceeded to count his wealth, and found, much to his surprise, that he was forty-seven dollars richer than before.

Saturday, 8th January, 1916

Mr. Jorrocks once said, "There's nothing so queer as scent, 'cept a woman." Ask any Master of hounds. He may not agree with you about the ladies; but it's a hundred to one shot that he will about scent.

For the past fortnight there has been no scent at all; foxes have been going away right in front of hounds, and they have n't been able to do a thing. But everything changed to-day, and conditions were certainly not favorable either, as the thermometer stood at 13° when my horse left home at eight-thirty for the meet at Goshen School.

However, our first fox was pushed out of the Hershey

Mill covert, Harry Harrison and I viewing him crossing the King Road; and being afraid of being caught by the Master in a place we should not have been, we rode into the wood to hide until the field came along, when we trailed in behind as innocent as lambs.

Even though this fox did n't give hounds much to do, as they lost him back of the Brown Field, our consciences were clear, as they had taken him about five minutes beyond where we had met him face to face.

Working down-country, a good fox went out of Malvern Barrens. Hounds checked a moment in the swamp, then went at a good clip through the Boyer Davis Farm to Evans's meadow, where Antelo Devereux had quite a fall, and on to Cathcart's Rocks, but, keeping it on their left, came back over Mr. Cuyler's hill to his back lane, where a screaming big new four-rail fence at the foot of a steep hill made every one sit up and take notice. The ground was covered with ice and it did n't look good to any one, until Will Leverton said, "Well, I must get to my hounds." He sailed at it; the take-off was bad and his horse slipped, and, fortunately, for the rest of us, broke it down. Hounds swung left-handed just over the brook, came back across the farm and out to the White Horse Road, over the Red Bridge to Van Meeter's, through "Pick" Harrison's, and, keeping the Leopard hard to their left, crossed above Leiber's, on into the Rowland Comly Farm, where a fresh fox went out of covert with four couples on its line; but the hunted fox turned back, hounds taking us to Lockwood's Hollow, and on up-country to the White Horse Farm swimming-pool, where scent failed completely, hounds having given us an hour and twenty minutes of very satisfactory work.

Those in the best of it were, besides the Master; Mr.

Beale; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Harry W. Harrison; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; the Misses Dolan; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Miss Hopper; Mr. Bodine; "Billy" Kerr; Harold Wilcox; Ben Holland; Clyde John; and "Pick" Harrison.

Saturday, 5th February, 1916

"All the world loves a lover," and the M.F.H. sat on his horse "Oviat" and thought a moment, at the meet at White Horse, after "Bill" Evans told him of all he had seen this morning.

It seems there was a vixen with three gentlemen friends in Evans's meadow, also the three gentlemen seemed a bit quarrelsome (no, not with the lady, but just among themselves).

It was finally decided that the fair vixen might possibly spare us one of her gentlemen for the day, so the two packs (Kirk's hounds were meeting with Radnor), twenty-seven and a half couples in all, started in that direction, and sure enough there stood a fine big dog fox on the top of the hill. When he saw hounds, he swished his brush up and galloped off right-handed, but he must have taken extra pains with his toilet this morning, in anticipation of seeing his lady love, for he left no scent; hounds could do nothing with him at all.

Then a second fox was viewed away, and hounds settled on his line immediately, carrying it up-country to the Malvern Barrens; but Mr. Fox still kept his girl in mind, for he turned in the Barrens and came back to Fairy Hill, ran through the covert and took us fairly flying back to Evans's meadow, made a bit of a circle there to look the situation over, and pointing his mask towards Cathcart's Rocks, but keeping it on his left, ran back to White Horse, on to the Meeting House, right-handed

over the hill and back to the Barrens, where he again turned and was viewed, being coursed and nearly caught by one hound, the main body of the pack being a couple of fields behind.

He took hounds once more to Evans's meadow (what a persistent lover he was!), then evidently decided to go to his home earth and wait for things to quiet down, for he swung up-country to Miss Hook's, crossed into the swamp, and, turning left-handed into Delchester, we viewed him again, and this time thought he had met an untimely end, for he came up over the brow of a hill face to face with two of Dr. Ashton's terriers. The terriers rolled him over, but he was up and at them and whipped them both, disappearing along the hillside. Hounds had checked a moment in the wood, but, on coming out, marked this gallant lover to earth in the next field. As he had given us a fair two hours and forty minutes, the Masters called it a day.

Out of a field of fifty, there were left at the end only: the two Masters; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Fred Sturges on "Pocono"; Mrs. Sturges on "Frosty"; Dave Sharp on a colt by "Master of Croft"; Mrs. Sharp on "Ovation"; Harry and Miss Barclay; Mr. Beale; Ben Holland on "Jim Bludso"; Lawrence Bodine; Clyde John; Lem Altemus; Harold Wilcox; Buck on the "Iron Woman"; Miss Margaret Hopper; Mr. Kerr on a big rangy thoroughbred bay; Henry and Mrs. Collins; and Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, going brilliantly on her brother's "Greymaster."

Saturday, 12th February, 1916
"Lincoln's Birthday"

It was a pretty raw sort of morning when Alec Brown and I left home to motor to Marshallton to the joint meet of the Brandywine and Pickering.

The roads were rough and we bumped along, cussing and discussing various things, but cheered up considerably on reaching the old inn at Marshallton, for it was a lovely scene. Horses galore, and all the foxhunting fraternity for miles around saying "how-de-do," and sizing up the two packs of hounds; Thompson, of the Brandywine, putting down nineteen couples, and Roberts, of the Pickering, fifteen couples.

I don't know that country well enough to describe a run in it; but a fox was viewed away from Mine Hill at eleven-ten, hounds making a couple of big circles through the McFadden Farms, crossing the Brandywine River at Straw's Bridge, and being continually right in front of hounds, who were kept to their noses all the time, gave us a good hunting run of two hours, finally bringing us back to Marshallton, just as it commenced to rain and sleet and blow a gale.

Further hunting was out of the question, and Mr. Mather's hospitable house, a six-mile ride against the rain and sleet, with one's fingers nearly frozen in sopping string gloves; your knees decidedly on the damp side, and your flask empty, and so was the other fellow's, and not a hotel on the way. But Mr. Mather corrected all these minor details once Brandywine Meadows Farm was reached, and even if your boots did come off with a squelching kind of gurgle, like a cork being pulled out of a bottle, you really liked it and would n't have had it different for anything. Stewed chicken breasts with rice, and anything one may fancy that comes out of a bottle, combined with a big fire and congenial friends — well, it's hard to beat, that's all.

John Valentine, Nelson Buckley, and a farmer's boy were the only casualties of the day, and "Buck" was the

only one that really needed first aid. Miss Mather picked a few pebbles out of the back of his head and bandaged him up, and, after a hot drink, he was quite up to his usual form. Among the others were: the Master of Pickering and Mrs. Clothier; Miss Mather; Victor and Mrs. Mather; Mrs. Valentine on "Lone Ben"; Gilbert Mather; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Tango"; Plunket Stewart; Harry Harrison; Antelo Devereux; Eddie Dale; the Misses Hopkins; Alec Yarnall; Howard and Mrs. Henry; Mrs. Frank Bonsal, of Harford; Lehrman Stewart; and Dr. Bayard Keane.

Saturday, 18th March, 1916

With the mercury at 5°, one would hardly expect even a fair day, and not in one's wildest fancy — and fancies go pretty wild at times, mine do, anyway — would one expect a real top-hole run. But we had it, and a good six-mile point to boot, with the ground as hard as nails; but you don't seem to mind that when once your blood is up, providing you have the sort of one between your knees that gives you the right feeling.

There were only nine of us brave enough, or foolish enough, whichever way you like it, to go to the meet at Sugartown: Ben Chew on "Oviat"; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Miss Cassatt on "Tango"; Lawrence Bodine; Miss Betty Sinnickson on "Uncle Joe"; Miss Ruth Wood; Emlen Wood on a chestnut stallion; Ben Holland on Horace Hare's "Jim Bludso"; and Arthur Dickson on a dun, who had quite a serious fall just at the end of the first run.

The Malvern Barrens again produced a good stout-running fox that went away from the lower end of covert, hounds setting a good pace to the Disston Swamp, where

they checked a moment, then on to Mr. Coxe's, and through to Waynesboro, and running hard by the leopard to the Wendel property, where we viewed our fox pointing back toward Cathcart's Rocks; but, keeping the Rocks on their left, hounds ran a beautiful line through the Seventy-Six Farm to Lockwood's Hollow and on to Rowland Comly's, where we viewed again before crossing into the Happy Creek Meadows, when hounds took us to Mr. John Brown's and gave it up just below the Old Mill.

No one had suffered from the cold so far, so the Master decided to try for one "supposed" to be at the Stokes Farm. He was there, and went out through the wood to the West Chester Pike. Having cast a front shoe, I made up my mind that if hounds ran down-country I'd take a chance of staying somewhere near them, but on reaching the Pike, they turned up-country, so I pulled out and rode down the Pike with Harold Wilcox to the Square, where some excellent port kept us warm until we reached the kennels. Hounds, I hear, ran on from Castle Rock to Green Briar and to earth in the Malvern Barrens.

Thursday, 23rd March, 1916

After meeting at the kennels at one o'clock, and drawing the country blank as far as Mr. Charlton Yarnall's, hounds finally found a fox at home. He was a circling beggar, but gave us an hour and forty-three minutes of fairly fast work, with the going in that condition when horses are on top of the ground in one stride and in up to their bellies the next. However, no one went down, but we were all pretty near it a number of times.

It was half-past four when hounds first spoke to the line in the Yarnall Meadow, and coming down the creek crossed through Dr. White's to Innes's Wood, to Calvert's and

over the Leopard Road to Mrs. McGovern's, when they crossed the Harrison Meadows and, circling the farm buildings, ran through the wood along the Creek Road, up the Happy Creek drive and, sinking the vale with a beautiful scent and cry, ran to Lockwood's Hollow, on to the Red Iron Bridge, then, turning sharply, came back down-country over pretty much the same line to Mr. John Brown's, marking their fox to ground at the celebrated drain in that lovely stretch of turf.

Only six of us stayed out long enough to get the run — the Master on "Styx"; Plunket Stewart on Horace Hare's "Plainsman"; Buck; and Gerry and Mrs. Leiper.

Saturday, 26th March, 1916

THE season is over, finished to-day in quite good style; and now for other pleasures afield, but with one's thoughts continually harking back to the good horses that have carried one, and who, in my humble opinion, have enjoyed the sport equally as much as have the somewhat bumpy burdens they have so patiently carried on their back. As for the hounds, we know they enjoy it, or they would n't run as well as they do; and, besides, don't they actually tell one so, every time they get a whiff of a good fox's line?

And even if most of the hounds have nothing to do all summer but lie around in the shade and maybe be taken for a swim about four o'clock in the afternoon, there are some of the ladies of the pack that have quite strenuous domestic duties to perform. But it's all in a lifetime, and I'm sure they all enjoy it.

But I've overrun the line a bit, and, to get to the business of the moment, hounds met this morning at ten o'clock at White Horse, found in Pratt's Wood, ran with a burning scent across to the far side of Delchester, circled

back to Fronfield's Corner, where our fox was viewed. Hounds running parallel to the road swung left-handed back to and across the Delchester Dam, up the far hillside to a welcome check at the top, where we had a moment to breathe, as the soft going had taken a good deal of the steam out of the horses.

Will Leverton cast hounds left-handed, when they went away at once, crossing the peach orchard and, keeping White Horse on their right, checked a moment at the Meeting House, crossed the road into Emlen Wood's meadow and raced on up-country to Evans's Wood, then bearing left-handed, again crossed into the meadow back of the Klemm Farm, on up the old railroad embankment and into the Malvern Barrens, where hounds pushed their fox through the covert and out the lower end, going at great pace back through the Bryn Clovis Dairy to Pratt's and on to Delchester, where Charles, undoubtedly, went to earth, but hounds did not mark him under.

There was a fairly good field out for this, the last day of the season, including, besides the Master: John R. Valentine, M.F.H. Harford County, on "Apperley," and Mrs. Valentine on "Lone Ben"; Dick and Walter Stokes; Harry Barclay; Lawrence Bodine; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Ben Holland on a grey; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt; Henry and Mrs. Collins; Sam Kirk; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Lem Altemus; Miss Sinnickson on "Uncle Joe"; Mr. Wilbur on "Champagne"; Fred Sturges on "Cheavaux," and Mrs. Sturges on the faithful "Frosty"; Mrs. Dave Sharp, going brilliantly on a "Master of Craft" four-year-old; Miss Ruth Wood on a big brown horse; Miss Hopper; and our old friend Buck on "Ruskin," and three girls from Bryn Mawr College on three screws they jobbed from some livery stable.

Saturday, 22nd April, 1916

Mrs. Harry W. Harrison very kindly gave the cup that was run for to-day at Happy Creek Farms, under the auspices of the Radnor Hunt.

It had been many years since Radnor had a spring meeting, and, although the race was well filled, twelve starters to be exact, there was only a small gallery on hand to see them off. It was a very pretty race all through, and with plenty of excitement to suit those of morbid tastes.

Antelo Devereux's "Earl Senff," with the owner up, fell at the fourth jump; then Victor Mather's saddle turned, putting his "Pocopson" out of the running. Bill Clothier's "Impulsive," with Gerry Leiper riding, went down at the big fence in the meadow; and Welsh Strawbridge, who looked like a winner, took "River Breeze" outside the flags, and fell at the second jump from home, leaving Nelson Buckley's good horse, "Ruskin," ridden by John Bosley, Jr., of Baltimore, without a real competitor. "Bint" Toland's "Sam Ball," with Eddie Cheston up, ran second; the other "also rans" being E. B. Morris, Jr.'s "Flurry Knox"; Robert Glendinning's "Mill Work," "Truthful," owned and ridden by Julian Biddle; "Wild Irishman," Colonel Livingston; and W. H. Mulford's "Grasshopper."

SEASON OF 1916–1917

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CUBBING

FORTUNATE, indeed, is the Master of Hounds who has a good scenting cubbing season, plenty of cubs to rattle about, and a keen young entry of hounds.

Benjamin Chew, M.F.H., had all of these in the Autumn of 1916, and the prospects for a good season's sport were never brighter.

Scent kept top-hole until towards the middle of November when a dry spell put hounds to their noses for a few weeks.

My first morning with hounds this season was August 19th, in that lovely Cheshire country with W. Plunket Stewart, M.F.H. As we finished our coffee at five o'clock, the Cheshire English bitches and five and one half couples of half-bred young entry appeared coming up that stately avenue of old pines. We jogged around the road to Webb's Wood, and hounds were no sooner in cover than we saw a beautiful cub leaping over the tall grass and pointing towards Chesterland. Then there was a burst of music that told us everything was all right, and we sat on a little knoll and watched hounds and cub make several big circles around us, finally marking him to ground in his home covert, in fifty-five minutes. Even the most fastidious could not have asked for a more satisfactory opening of a cubbing season; and as we rode back to kennels, the Master on "Moonshine," Nelson Duckley on "Mirana," "Buzzy" Smith on "Sir Astro," Mr. Kerr on a big chestnut thoroughbred, and your humble servant on John Fell's "Sandy

Run," we were a very contented, self-satisfied, and smiling lot.

On August 21st, Ben Chew, M.F.H., opened the Radnor cubbing season with the bitch pack and all the young entry. It was a warm, sultry sort of morning as I left my stable at four-thirty, and quite too dark to find my hole in the hedge to make a short cut out to the road, so, leaving the navigation to my good horse "Poacher" until a few faint rays of the morning sun enabled me to see, we finally arrived at the kennels just as Will Leverton sounded a note on his horn and hounds came streaming out the wide doors to him. There were only five of us, including the Master on "Oviat," David S. B. Chew on "Killrush," and Harry Brown, first whipper-in, on "Marie."

The Norris cornfield produced a cub at once, hounds opening to the line with a roar that must have made the blood in a late-sleeping neighbor's veins tingle, if such a thing is possible.

Our cub broke from the cornfield, came around back of the farm buildings and jumped down the ha-ha into the road and up the other bank, giving us a splendid view. Hounds were right on his brush, and, pushing him over the hill, through the wood, and back to the cornfield again, they swung right-handed across the Hospital Farm, finally marking him under in the railroad embankment near the bridge.

A THICK blanket of fog settled down just as hounds found at the Chimney Corner at five-fifteen on the morning of August 26th. They ran for forty minutes around the Brookthorpe Farm, marking their fox to earth on the Marple Road; but as Nelson Buckley said as we were hacking back to Boggestowe House for breakfast, "We had a

fine run, a lot of music, and accounted for our fox, but I never saw hounds at all."

September 4th, scent was poor with the Cheshire hounds, but they put one to earth at Brooklawn and killed another after a short burst of about ten minutes, giving us a bit of a gallop and an appetite for breakfast. There were only five of us out — the Master, Bob Strawbridge, Paul D. Mills, and Mr. Kerr.

On Thursday, 7th September, the Radnor found a cub in Mr. Ellis's cornfield, hounds marking him in a drain on Bryn Mawr Avenue. After being bolted by the terriers, "Rags" and "Sting," hounds rolled him over on the bank of the Ithan Creek. My youngest son, Lawrence, age four, who was out on a pony on a lead, fell off just as he reached the kill, but was nevertheless successfully blooded by Will Leverton!

Saturday, 21st October, 1916

It is true to say of foxhunting, as of most sports, that "It is the pace that kills." I think it is a remark more true of foxhunting than any other sport. Certainly it is the pace which kills foxes.

We have all seen foxes killed — yes, lots of 'em — but I venture to say that any one of us, in any one season, can count on the fingers of one hand the foxes he has seen rolled over. By this I mean full-grown, native foxes, not cubs or bagged fellows. But here I am again, preaching a sermon, instead of getting down to the business of the day.

Hounds met this morning at White Horse at six-thirty, with a field of twenty-six out (a pretty good number for so early in the morning, so far up-country); the Master putting down a mixed pack of eighteen couples, ten and one

half couples of dogs and seven and one half of bitches. Hounds picked up a cold line in the Boyer Davis meadow, working it very, very slowly into Harry Disston's swamp, where Will Leverton, huntsman, went into the swamp on foot, and, while he was off his horse, some one viewed our fox out the north end. Hounds, owning it at once and carrying it with beautiful voice into the lower end of the Barrens, checked a moment, when three foxes went out of covert in different directions, but a backward cast set them on the hunted fox, and, coming back to Disston's, went through the covert, keeping Mr. Alex. Coxe's on their right, fairly flew out to the State Road; crossing at the schoolhouse, they ran to the wood surrounding the Coxe house, where a farmhand viewed our fox going down the drive. Hounds checked a moment, but Will Leverton put them right immediately, and, crossing a bit of nice grass, took us over the State Road again and incidentally over four or five nice worm fences, one right after the other, until we came to the Barrens again. But Reynard was too hard-pressed to tarry there, so, racing out the upper end, hounds bore right-handed through the Rush Hospital on across the road, and, running with a breast-high scent, it looked as if we were going to Hershey's Mill; but hounds pulled their fox down in the wood on top of the hill, just after crossing the Pike, in an hour and thirty-five minutes of very brilliant work. Ben Chew was congratulated by every one, and he certainly deserved it.

Among those out, besides the Master, were: Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Mrs. Snowden, going in great style on "Able"; Miss Cassatt and Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Paul and Mrs. Mills; Charlie Munn; Monroe Robinson, who said it was the best run he had ever seen; Lowber and Walter Stokes; Frank Lloyd on "Sherry"; Dave Sharp on a

"Boarder"; Harry Barclay; Ben Holland on "Jim"; Miss Barclay on "Sandy"; Mrs. Antelo Devereux, who was given the brush; Horace Hare on "Plainsman"; and Arthur and Mrs. Dickson.

Most of us met again in the afternoon at the Rose Tree Races, which were quite above par.

30th September, 1916

Horse and Hound Show Week at Bryn Mawr, always more or less strenuous, was quite up to its usual form this year; and with parties every night and cub hunting and beagle trials at daybreak, the hours of sleep the hunting fraternity had during the week could nearly be counted on one's fingers.

Mr. Ellis's breakfast after the beagle trials at his Fox Hill Farm was a great success; but the real event of the week was the dinner dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Valentine at their Café au Concourse Hippique, at Highland Farm.

In addition to the beautiful dancing girls, to entertain the guests, was a wrestling bear. After the bear had done its turn with its keeper, and had been put safely away in the cellar, it was unanimously decided that John Rush Street, of Harford County, should wrestle with it, so amid much hilarity the bear was brought up from the cellar again. The bear stood upon his hind legs sparring with Rush a few moments, and then they clinched. Everything was apparently going according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules until Rush hit the bear below the belt. This foul evidently escaped the notice of Foxhall Keene, the referee, but not Mr. Bear, for he immediately tightened his hold on Rush, who suddenly became very pale, but was at once rescued from the bear's loving embrace by its keeper. Needless to say, after that, no one else volunteered.

Tuesday, 24th October, 1916

ALEXANDER BROWN, one of the very best of our all-too-few all-round sportsmen, was unfortunately drowned today in the Delaware River off Essington, when the hydroplane in which he was flying, while endeavoring to qualify for a pilot's license, fell into the water.

It was hard to say whether he was more distinguished for his hunting, racing, or his polo.

In hunting he was always with hounds and had been a liberal and loyal supporter of Radnor for many years. In racing, his horse "Pebbles" was probably his best, winning, among other things, the much-coveted Maryland Hunt Cup. He was a five-goal man at polo and one of the main standbys of the old Bryn Mawr team, and one that could always be relied upon to do his bit and do it to the best of his ability.

Saturday, 11th November, 1916

AFTER having been out with hounds for a couple of hours this morning, but before they had any kind of a run, Mr. Louis S. Fiske was fatally stricken in his motor on his way back to the kennels from Sugartown, and died before any medical aid could be obtained.

One of Radnor's hardest riding and most popular men, he seemed in splendid health at the meet, and in fact not ten minutes before his chauffeur found him unconscious, he had waved his hunting-crop out the door of his car at my two little sons who were motoring up-country with me.

Monday, 20th November, 1916

AFTER having hunted the Harford country a fortnight, A. Henry Higginson, Esq., M.F.H., Middlesex, was invited to hunt the Radnor country three days this week. His sixteen

Photograph by Reily & Way

RADNOR HOUNDS

At the Bryn Mawr Hound Show, 1916. Winners of the A. Henry Higginson prize for half-bred packs
Will Leverton, *Huntsman*, Harry Simpson, *First Whipper-in*

and one half couples of English hounds, including two couples of Welsh hounds imported last year, were kennelled at Radnor, his horses at the Phillips stable near by, while my good wife and I had the honor of putting him up.

The country had been very dry for the past two weeks and scenting conditions practically nil; but such is luck, and, sorry as we all were, we could n't help it.

There was a representative field of seventy-five at White Horse this morning for the first Middlesex meet, Higginson hunting hounds himself, and turning his outfit out on greys, made a very smart appearance. He was riding "London Smoke" and had Will Leverton as pilot; but luck was against him, for he found Pratt's Wood, Delchester, Dutton's Mill, Miss Hook's, Fairy Hill, and Bryn Clovis all blank. Then a fox was viewed away from the meadow back of the Klemm Farm. Higginson lifted his hounds to the view, they owned it at once, and running with good voice, carried it up the meadows to an old hollow and dead chestnut tree, where they marked their fox under. It was decided to smoke him out, and, after much waiting and speculation, Mrs. Paul Mills gave a splendid view holloa, and out ran a field mouse. No fox appeared, so hounds were taken over to the Barrens, while some of us stayed behind to watch the tree, and very soon Miss Gertrude deCoppet saw our fox peeping out. He made a break finally, pointing south. "Pick" Harrison went after hounds, and, Higginson galloping them back, capped them on, when they carried it back to the meadow where they had first found, and then gave it up.

Among those out were: B. Chew, M.F.H.; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Harry Harrison; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Mrs. Mills; Mrs. Victor Mather; the Misses deCoppet, of New York; the Misses Cassatt; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Ned

Blabon; J. S. Waln; Ned Dougherty; Rowland Comly; Harry and Miss Barclay; Ben Holland; William Evans; Julian Biddle; Mrs. Devereux; Howard and Mrs. Henry; and Jack Potter, first whipper-in to the Brandywine.

Wednesday, 22nd November, 1916

After the rather disappointing day the Middlesex hounds had on Monday, our hopes for better scenting conditions to-day were not very high, as we left for the meet at Bromall at nine o'clock.

It was clear, dry, and dusty, and, to make matters worse, a faint, southerly wind; but a fair-sized field turned out.

Higginson and his servants were on bays, as was Will Leverton to show him round. The first draw was Marsh's wood, below Bromall, where as usual the fox was viewed away over the meadows. Hounds opened to the line beautifully, carrying it on across the brook and over the road into Mullin's farm, where scent was very catchy, hounds working well, but slowly, on down Mullin's meadow into his wood, where instead of turning left-handed as usual, they went on through the wood and across the road into the State Farm, and on across the new cemetery property to a field north of the Eagle Road, where scent failed completely. After a couple of casts, hounds were taken back into the Butler Farm, drawing the Leedom Mills Wood and on through to Moore's, and into Wild's wood, where the Middlesex second whipper-in holloaed another fox away.

Hounds being lifted to the view, carried it over the Lawrence Road into Dr. Chamber's, and on to Marsh's wood, where our first find had been, but, owing to the extreme dryness, could do nothing further with it, and, after several fruitless casts, hounds were taken to McCullough's

and on to the Larchmont Swamp, to the Radnor Barrens, and all around there, but nothing could be found, so were taken in.

The country seemed too dry for hounds to do anything, especially after about ten o'clock.

Among those out were: B. Chew, M.F.H.; M. R. Jackson, M.F.H. Rose Tree; Bon and Mrs. Strawbridge; Harry Harrison; Miss G. deCoppet; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt; Henry Collins; Emanuel Hey; Walter Roach; Walter Jeffords; Mrs. Paul Mills; Wm. F. Reeve and son; Ned Dougherty; Nelson Buckley; Mrs. Victor Mather; and Mrs. A. J. A. Devereux.

Thursday, 23rd November, 1916

As it had been a very stormy night, with a high wind, and in fact still raining in fits and starts, only a few of the more enthusiastic turned up at the meet; but as it was the first time in several weeks that one could say was a good scenting day, Alex. Higginson and I decided to go rain or shine. As it turned out, we were very glad we did, for hounds ran well for fifty-five minutes from William Evans's meadow, where we found at once, going away towards Boyer Davis's wood, turning left-handed, through the farm, on through the wood to a drain on Klemm's drive, where hounds marked their fox under. Klemm's farmer came out to see the excitement and, producing a long pole, pushed the fox out; hounds carrying him at a good pace through the swamp again, and back to the Davis Farm, when he turned left-handed, pointing his mask towards the Malvern Barrens, but was evidently headed, for he swung down-country, through the Disston Farm to the meadow at the lower end, then out to the Davis's gateway, where it looked for an instant as if he had gone into the drain; but a self-made cast by the

pack put them straight again and they flew down the meadow, on into Evans's pasture, where a very amusing incident took place. Hounds were racing along with the small field right behind them, Will Leverton, the huntsman, out in front, when, on coming to the gate of the Evans meadow, Leverton, on "Slim Brown" very cleverly jumped it, so Fred Sturges set sail for it, too, with Ben Chew, M.F.H., calling out to him, "Don't jump that gate! Don't jump that gate!" But Fred went on, his horse "Grandma" hitting it with an awful crash, and not just breaking the top board, but breaking the gate all to pieces and quite beyond repair.

Ben Chew was furious, and called out, "Sturges, that will cost you five dollars! Sturges, that will cost you five dollars!"

Hounds threw up their noses at that moment, whether from fright or the sound of the crash, but, at any rate, long enough for Sturges to hand out the five dollars to the Master, while the field sat around and roared with laughter.

Hounds went on in a moment, but shortly were at fault again in the wood in the hollow along the road. After several unsuccessful casts, the job was given up, and hounds moved off to fresh coverts, but nothing so good was done the rest of the day.

The few out were: B. Chew, M.F.H.; A. Henry Higginson, M.F.H.; Harry W. Harrison; Mrs. Paul D. Mills; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; the Misses deCoppet of New York; Henry and Mrs. Collins; and Ben Holland.

Friday, 24th November, 1916

RADNOR having had a fair run yesterday, and conditions being greatly improved, owing to the rain, I feel that Higginson should have been taken down-country after having

accounted for his first fox to-day, instead of up-country, where all the coverts had already been drawn twice before this week.

However, Higginson is a sportsman of the first water and hunted where he was taken.

He was riding "London Smoke" again, with his whippers-in on greys also, and Will Leverton on "Rugby," as pilot, the first draw being the Norris Wood. Hounds went on through it into the meadow along the creek and into Earle's spinney, when Harry Brown, the Radnor first whipper-in who was over across the creek on top of Howard's Hill, viewed a fox and holloaed him away. Hounds, being cast over the creek, picked up the line along the edge of the Earle drive, carrying it down the drive with a good deal of cry, and a catchy scent, until near the little lake at the foot of the hill, when they swung right-handed up the hill, over the grass and into the wood at the top at a good pace, to a slight check on the north side overlooking Yarnall's Hollow. Hounds then sank the valley bearing slightly left-handed and up the far side into the wood at the top, when they bore right-handed again through the wood road and on down the other hill into Tryon Lewis's swamp, then on into the north side of John Brown's, and we all had to gallop back to Mr. Brown's farm lane, getting even with hounds just as they came out into this lovely stretch of grass and galloping right alongside the pack, which was simply flying over the turf, perfectly packed and in full cry, on across to the drain on the back drive, where they marked him in. As it is impossible to bolt foxes from this drain, hounds were cheered to it, thus ending a very good sixteen minutes, which put every one in a good humor.

The next draw was Harrison's Meadows, and on up-country for several hours finding the coverts all blank.

Charlie Morris, the Middlesex first whip, fell into a big open ditch, west of Cathcart's Rock, going clear under the slime with his horse on top of him, but fortunately coming out none the worse, except being covered with brown scum.

The Radnor Hunt gave a luncheon for Higginson at the Club House at two o'clock, to which about fifty came and ate of the very good game-pie, etc., with hot toddy and the famous Radnor Yellow Port.

Among those hunting and at the luncheon were: Ben Chew, M.F.H., and Mrs. Chew; A. Henry Higginson, M.F.H.; Jacob S. Waln; R. E. Strawbridge; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; the Misses Beatrice and Gertrude deCoppet; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Edw. B. (Banker) Smith; Laurence Bodine; Lemuel C. Altemus; Edward F. Beale; Mrs. Paul D. Mills; Mrs. Howard H. Henry; Mrs. Reeve; Mrs. Devereux; Mrs. Victor Mather; Harry W. Harrison; William E. Carter; Rowland Comly; Edwin L. Blabon; Edwin V. Dougherty; Wycoff Smith; R. Nelson Buckley; and Horace B. Hare.

Tuesday, 26th December, 1916

Folk may talk with pride of the pace of a run, and it's all very well at times, when the going is good and one has not dined too well the night before; but the uncertainty of foxhunting and the condition of one's nervous system are not by any means the least of the charms of a day with hounds.

Take to-day as an example, the going quite as bad as even the Devil himself would have liked, and scent just poor and catchy enough to keep hounds working all the time. Suppose scent had been top-hole, where would the field have been? Sadly left behind. But, as it was, we were able to stay right alongside hounds for a couple of

Photograph by the Author

RADNOR HOUNDS AT WHITE HORSE

December 2, 1916

Benjamin Chew, Esq., M.F.H., Will Leverton, *Huntsman*, Harry Brown, *First Whipper-in*
Tom Penlington, *Second Whipper-in*

hours, have a lot of enjoyment, and perhaps, if one wants to, learn something of hound lore. Personally, I'd rather have a run a little slow so that I could see a bit of hounds and their work, that lasted an hour or two, than a very fast twenty minutes, when practically one's whole attention had to be devoted to navigating a stiff country. There's plenty who will not agree with me here, I know, but what a blessing we don't all think alike.

The Radnor bitch pack met this morning at ten o'clock at Bromall, and, with the melting snow and ice, the prospects for a good day were not bright, to say the least, but scent was fair at times, good at times, and also very poor at times. Where the snow had melted or blown off, scent was wonderful, and the pack would work along slowly over a field of snow, then, on coming to a field quite bare of snow, would race away at top-speed, only to be brought to their noses again at the next place where there was snow. Hounds began to feather to a cold line on the eastern side of the State Farm, then opened up with a roar upon reaching a knoll that was clear of snow, and, keeping the Lamb Tavern on their left, crossed the Springfield Road into the new cemetery and on south to the edge of the wood, where they marked their fox under after sixteen minutes of very pretty hound work.

The Master then giving instructions to draw towards McCullough's wood, hounds moved on, and almost immediately another fox was viewed away from the eastern side of the Clarke Thomson Farm, hounds settling on the line at once; carried it over the Ridley Creek, and, swinging right-handed up the meadow, below the Tunis house, took us out to the road over a barway of saplings that made horses really jump. Then on across the Hutchinson property and across the Paxon Hollow Road; turning back

here, hounds ran to the hilltop just below the Rose Tree Club House, and, sinking the valley once more, took us back to practically where they found, and, turning again, came back to Dr. Hutchinson's, ran through the Benson covered bridge, and, making another big circle of the Rose Tree Hills, finally marking their fox to earth on the edge of the wood by the watering-trough above Palmer's Mill. So far as I can remember, it is the only day this season at Radnor when there were no ladies out, the field being composed of the Master; Bob Strawbridge, on a very playful young chestnut, recently brought out from Ireland; Bob, Jr., home from Harvard for the holidays; William T. Carter, on a grey, and also home for the holidays from Groton; and Nelson Buckley.

Thursday, 4th January, 1917

THE last run I wrote about was one of the slow, nose-to-the-ground, hand-gallop sort, but to-day's was of exactly the opposite kind, with the ground frozen like iron and rough as possible. Hounds made a four-and-a-quarter-mile point and ran quite six miles in twenty-seven minutes, marking their fox in Mr. John Brown's drain, after bringing him down from Wayne's Swamp without a check.

Those of us getting it being: B. Chew, M.F.H., who turned upside down in jumping the fence out of the Happy Creek Meadow, but fortunately landed on his back in a snowdrift; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Dave Sharp; Henry and Mrs. Collins; William Carter, Jr.; Ben Holland; Miss Margaret Hopper; Mrs. Snowden; and "Pick" Harrison.

Tuesday, 9th January, 1917

SCENT — there's been so much written and said about it by really experienced hound men that a rank amateur like

myself had better leave the subject alone; but, at any rate, it's seldom that every pack of hounds in a country have an exceptionally good run the same day. Once in a while you hear of it, but it's generally something like this — it's a non-hunting day, say Wednesday, and you are having luncheon at your club in town, at what George H. Brooke calls the foxhunters' table. Mr. Rose Tree asks Mr. Cheshire what sort of a day he had yesterday, and Mr. Cheshire says, "Fair, only fair; scent very spotty; plenty of foxes, but we could n't do much"; and Mr. Rose Tree, on being asked, will say, "O! we had a boiler, hounds ran four hours and a half all round our lower country"; when Mr. Radnorite will pipe up and say, "We could n't do much; put one under, but not a real run; south wind you know"; but Mr. Glenn Riddle tells you his hounds only stayed out about an hour, as they viewed two foxes away right in front of hounds and they could n't even speak to the line: then Mr. Brandywine, having finished his oysters, says, "That's funny, is n't it, for our hounds had one of the best days of the season; ran from right back of the kennels to the outskirts of Downingtown in just about an hour"; and so it goes. Scent may be splendid in Thurstington Wood, but just across the turnpike in Brookthorpe there's not a vestige of a smell.

But to-day all the neighboring packs found a breast-high scent, hounds fairly racing at top speed.

The Rose Tree ran an hour and forty-five minutes to a kill; Mr. Riddle's hounds ran clean away from every one; and after I had come home from a very fast thing with the Radnor, I could hear hounds running in the country south of my house for a long time.

We met this morning at Battles' Wood (Brooks) at ten o'clock, hounds picking up a line on the west side, almost

immediately they were cast in, and, working through to the east side, pushed a very stout fox out. Fred Phillips viewing him away and holloaing, hounds raced through the timber to a check on the Austin Farm, then carried the line rather slowly down the hill and over the Goshen Road into the swamp, up the hill to a moment's check north of the West Chester Pike, then over just below the spot where Charlie Snowden was killed a few years ago, and on into the lovely big meadows at a racing pace to the Dunwoody Home, hounds going just north of the buildings, then left-handed, when they sank the valley and fairly flew on down the Ridley Creek to Trimble's Hollow Bridge. Crossing the creek they appeared to be heading for Upper Providence, and, as all the field had to go on to the road and through the covered bridge to cross the creek, hounds slipped out of sight.

Thinking the fox was pointing his mask southward, we galloped out to the Providence Road, expecting to get on even terms with them there, but, on getting to the hilltop, found hounds were nowhere in sight. No one was with them, that we were sure of. Deciding that the fox must have doubled back after crossing the creek, we galloped down again into Florida Swamp, and up to the hilltop by the Dunwoody Home, with horses hot and ready for a check, but hounds nowhere in sight, and the time forty-seven minutes since the find, with the greater part of it at one's best pace.

After waiting about some time, and with many suggestions of what had become of hounds, several of the field decided they had had enough and started to ride out towards Newtown Square. Fred and Mrs. Sturges, in going towards the Florida Wood, saw the pack marking their fox to earth on the edge of the wood, just back of the hill where

we all were, so Fred came and told us, and we were greatly relieved at finding ourselves right after all.

Most of us came home from there, having had forty-seven minutes of very quick work.

Among those out were: B. Chew, M.F.H.; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Mrs. A. J. A. Devereux; Horace B. Hare; Fred and Mrs. Sturges; Isaac H. Clothier, Jr.; Frederick Phillips, Jr.; the Misses Ellen Mary and Eugenia Cassatt; R. Nelson Buckley; "Pick" Harrison; Charlie Munn; Gurnee Munn; Ben Holland; E. V. Dougherty; and Miss Emily Barclay.

Wednesday, 10th January, 1917

One does not quite know whether one ought to describe a Hunt Ball as the meeting-place of young widows in ash cloth and sashes, bold bad men and foxhunters, — whom the impossible one Wilde once described as the unspeakable pursuers of the uneatable, — or whether as the best dance in the world, provided one has wined and dined sufficiently beforehand. It is the sort of thing one enjoys enormously, or you do not enjoy it at all.

Hunt balls in Philadelphia do not come every year, and from its success, I guess 'most every one enjoyed it; at any rate, it had been ten years since the last one, so no one could be tired of them.

The President, Mr. Beale, appointed Messrs. Benjamin Chew, M.F.H., T. DeWitt Cuyler, William S. Ellis, Horace B. Hare, and W. Plunket Stewart a committee to arrange for the ball, which they did to perfection.

Mrs. Chew arranged the quadrille, in which there were six sets, or forty-eight foxhunters in all, and, after a lot of amusing rehearsing, all felt equal to the occasion, or, at least, said they did.

Will Leverton, huntsman, and Harry Brown, first whipper-in, in pink, stood at the ballroom door giving out the following hunting songs:

FIGURE I

WE'LL ALL GO OUT HUNTING TO-DAY

THERE is but one cure for all maladies sure,
That reacheth the heart to its core;
'Tis the sound of the horn, on a fine hunting morn,
And where is the heart wishing more?
It turneth the grave into gay,
Bids sorrow to pleasure give way,
Makes the old become young,
And the weak become strong,
So we'll all go out hunting to-day.
We'll all go out hunting to-day,
All nature looks blooming and gay;
Let us join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
For we'll all go out hunting to-day.

FIGURE II

DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK

HERE's to the fox in his earth below the rocks!
And here's to the line that we follow,
And here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,
Though merrily we whoop, and we holloa.
Then drink, puppy, drink, and let every puppy drink,
That is old enough to lap and to swallow,
For he'll grow into a hound. So we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we'll WHOOP, and we'll holloa!

FIGURE III

A SOUTHERLY WIND

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning,
Before the sun rises away we fly,
Dull sleep on our downing bed scorning.
Then to horses, my brave boys, and away,
It's a beautiful hunting morning.

The face of all nature looks gay,
Bright Phœbus the hills is adorning.
Hark! hark! forward! Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho.
Hark! hark! forward! Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho.

FIGURE IV

JOHN PEEL

D'YE ken John Peel with his coat so grey,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
'T was the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led.
For Peel's view halloa would waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

To be sung during the quadrille, and at twelve-thirty, Will blew "Gone away" on his hunting horn to clear the floor.

We marched downstairs, my partner for the quadrille, Miss Josephine Mather, falling down, much to every one's amusement. There was such applause when the quadrille was finished that we had to do it all over again, after which we marched in to supper. Those in the quadrille being: Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chew; Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge; Mr. and Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart; Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Montgomery; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wheeler; Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Mills; Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Clothier; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Valentine; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Ellis; Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Henry; Mr. and Mrs. W. Frazier Harrison; Mr. and Mrs. Victor C. Mather; Mrs. A. J. Antelo Devereux; Miss Margot E. Scull; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt; Miss Mather; Mr. Chas. A. Munn; Mr. Francis V. Lloyd; Mr. Francis Richmond; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac H. Clothier; Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Browning; the men in pink dress-

coats and shorts, the ladies in white or silver dresses with scarlet sashes across one shoulder.

Mr. Cuyler kindly gave the decorations, including a wonderful hunting scene, painted on a canvas the size of the end of the ballroom, and, being banked in the foreground with palms, etc., made the room seem very long, and was quite a distinguishing feature of the ball.

Most of the prominent hunts of the country were represented at the ball, among them being: A. Henry Higginson, M.F.H., and Mrs. Higginson, Middlesex; Harry S. Page, Meadow Brook; James K. Maddox, Warrenton; Thomas Cottman, Green Spring; and others from Myopia, Harford, Elkridge, Rose Tree, Cheshire, Pickering, Cottsmore, White Marsh, Mr. Riddle's, Brandywine, etc.

The Admiral made quite the hit of the evening, and, although surrendering his sword and buttons, stood by his ship until she sank.

Thursday, 11th January, 1917

It was truly a cold grey dawn of the morning after, when hounds met at the kennels to-day, and a rather jaded, sorry-looking lot of foxhunters turned out in the very, very cold wind, so a bottle of the famous Radnor Yellow Port was opened for good luck before hounds met.

Fortunately hounds found at once in Mr. George Earle's big meadow, and went away across his lawn to the wood above the house, sank the valley, crossing the breast of the dam and up the hill on the opposite side of the pond, and on into Yarnall's Hollow, on over the road into Tryon Lewis's swamp to Mr. John Brown's where hounds swung right-handed out across the Creek Road into Tryon Lewis's and on to Bob Montgomery's, where the fox went into a drain on his driveway. A passing friendly motor was sent

to the kennels for the terriers, and, after waiting nearly half an hour in the cold, which about froze every one stiff the terriers arrived and were put into the drain. The fox was bolted at once, heading south; hounds had difficulty carrying the line, but finally took us over into Yarnall's Hollow again, where scent failed completely, and every one quite ready to go back to the Club to thaw out.

Among those out were: B. Chew, M.F.H.; Mrs. C. R. Snowden; D. B. Sharp; Henry C. Barclay; Bob Strawbridge; Julian Biddle; Harry Harrison; Miss Betty Sinnickson; Miss Austin; William M. Kerr; Nelson Buckley; and Walter Stokes.

Saturday, 20th January, 1917

FOXHUNTING has no law, but only custom and etiquette to fall back upon, and it is therefore always a great relief to a sporting community when any little difficulties or differences in a countryside are patched up.

Rose Tree and Radnor have had some slight misunderstanding recently over what is known as the lower country. It so happened on several occasions that both packs of hounds appeared in the same locality the same day. Finally a meeting of the respective Masters was arranged. No, not to fight, as had been jokingly suggested, but to settle their differences by a friendly talk. Both Masters took along a few wise advisers, and the outcome of it all was that Radnor was to hunt the country south of the West Chester Pike, three times a month, and on those days the Rose Tree hounds were to hunt elsewhere. But the joke of it was, that the very next time Radnor met in the lower country, Rose Tree was also there. Some people, whose names had better not be mentioned, were pretty mad; but Mr. Rose Tree apolo-

gized, having mistaken the dates, and everything was smooth sailing from then on.

And so to-day we had a love feast, the Rose Tree and Radnor hounds meeting together at Bromall at ten o'clock; Radnor putting down a mixed pack of fifteen and one half couples and Rose Tree about the same number.

The fox from Marsh's wood was at home, was viewed away, and gave us a very nice thirty-four minutes out across the forbidden Dr. Chambers farm, into Moore's and Hatton's, then on over the State Farm, and, keeping the Lamb Tavern and Springfield Meeting House on their right, hounds fairly raced down-country, marking their fox to earth at the foot of an old chestnut tree on the Farnum property.

Reynard number two went out of a bit of wood below the Hutchinson Farm, hounds fairly boiling, and horses blowing. I don't think I ever rode up and down so many hills in my life, for this fox was a circling brute and played around the Rose Tree hills until our horses were practically cooked. Then this fox evidently asked the assistance of a friend of his, for the packs split and *we* said the Radnor hounds were running the hunted fox, and the Rose Tree people, of course, said theirs were. Nevertheless, after a couple more turns through the hills, the two lines crossed and both packs were together again; and, racing over the big grass fields of Dr. Hutchinson, swam the river and marked their fox to ground after an hour and thirty-five minutes, and just as the Media whistles were blowing one o'clock.

As the Rose Tree luncheon was not scheduled until two, it gave us time to sit and warm our toes and backs before the fire, and incidentally assisted by flight after flight of pink cocktails, colored by the pink roses of the original

Rose Tree, as Sam Riddle said. They had quite the desired effect; pink like the Rose Tree, or green like the Radnor pastures, it made no difference! Every one loved every one else and the food was good; what more could foxhunters ask after two good runs?

Mrs. Jackson, of Rose Tree, brought Miss Blanche Ring, who, after speeches by Mr. Beale, Mr. Riddle, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Chew, sang several of her favorite songs, including that wonderful "Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," which was quite the hit of the day. Sam Riddle then sang the "Sign of the Rose." Several people wept, but Roy Jackson saved the situation by bringing in a tame fox on a lead. It was fed on the table, then led around the grounds and put safely away; the kennel doors thrown open and the whole Rose Tree pack came out with a roar. They picked up the line with a burst of music that could be heard for miles, ran it halfway round, and then went off down-country all on their own, but evidently on the line of another fox, and finally disappeared over the hilltops, undoubtedly having the time of their young lives.

Among those hunting and at the luncheon were: The Master and Mrs. Jackson of Rose Tree; the Master and Mrs. Chew of Radnor; the Master and Mrs. Riddle of Mr. Riddle's hounds; Mr. Beale; Mrs. Snowden; Walter and Mrs. Jeffords; Mrs. Victor C. Mather; Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve; Bob and Miss Montgomery; Laurence Bodine; William F. Reeve and Foster Reeve; Leander Riddle; Misses Ellen Mary and Eugenia Cassatt; Mr. Kerr; Walter and Mrs. Roach; Frank Lloyd; F. Wallis Armstrong; Gardner Cassatt, Emanuel Hey; Eddie Dale; Ned Blabon; Nelson Buckley; John Converse; Lem Altemus; Geo. Brooke III; and Wm. Churchman.

Thursday, 1st February, 1917

The tragedies of the hunting-field seem to occur in various ways, not only when actually in the field, but sometimes when apparently safe at home. Last night the stable on the Providence Road near the Rose Tree Kennels, rented by George Saportas, was completely destroyed by fire, and with it his entire string of eight horses, also two of Mr. Kerr's, "Hazy," the well-known cross-country horse and "Mobell," and "Aunt Fanny," a bay mare belonging to Miss Betty Sinnickson, and a very promising chestnut colt, "Happy Creek," that I had only just delivered to Saportas yesterday.

George Donnon, his stud groom, an ex-whipper-in at Radnor, was also burned to death.

Fifteen horses in all and several cows were lost.

Thursday, 22nd February, 1917
"Washington's Birthday"

It's seldom we have a season at Radnor without a few weeks of weather that puts a complete stop to hunting; but it's also seldom that we cannot hunt up to the end of March; but this year, owing to the soft going, rain and snow, etc., the run on the above date was practically the last of any moment. There were other days, but conditions were such that the field was kept to the roads, and in fact at times the country was so deep that hounds could hardly run.

The Master and Mrs. Chew gave their annual, delightful breakfast at the kennels this morning at nine o'clock, when about seventy-five foxhunting friends and farmers were on hand, and also that good sporting farmer, Sam Kirk, and his hounds; Mrs. Chew, as usual, being the ideal hostess, and always making the somewhat awed farmer's wife feel very much at home.

Hounds moved off at ten-thirty and picked up a good line in Mr. Earle's wood, carrying it over the hill into Yarnall's Hollow, and, keeping Waterloo Mills on their right, rolled their fox over in the McGovern meadow, after a very short but fast gallop.

Having seen a fox sitting in the wood on the upper side of Yarnall's Hollow as we galloped through, I told the Master, and hounds were taken back there. They owned the line at once, carrying it down by the old Tryon Lewis Mill, on to the Brown property; then circling back to Yarnall's Hollow, hounds finally marked him under in the "Broad Acres" hillside.

The earth was stopped, and later in the day the Master, Sam Kirk, and his son, Harry Brown, the first whip, and a couple of kennel boys proceeded to dig him out. We all took turns at digging, but it was slow work, as there was a foot of frost in the ground and the earth a long one. As I was leaving at six o'clock, with instructions to stop at the kennels and order some lanterns sent out, Sam Kirk called out — "You can think of me at midnight still digging." He was nearly right, for they did n't get to their fox until eight-thirty.

Among those at the breakfast and in the field were: Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, going beautifully as usual; the President, Mr. Beale; Harry Barclay; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Miss Eugenia Cassatt on "Tango"; Miss Barclay on "Sandy"; Dave and Mrs. Sharp on chestnut colts; Mrs. Chew and R. Penn Smith in a motor; Mr. Hatfield; R. Nelson Buckley on the "Iron Woman"; Miss Sinnickson on "Uncle Joe," but with an eye on some one else who was on a chestnut; Harry and Mrs. Harrison; Mrs. Devereux on "Dave Waller"; George Saportas; Fred Sturges on "Pocono," and Mrs. Sturges, in her usual fault-

less style, on "Frosty"; Isaac Clothier on "Judge"; Fred Phillips; "Buzzy" Smith; Ben Holland; Mr. Delmas; Hector McNeal; Dr. Edgar Powell on a very nice-looking chestnut; Miss Hopper; Frank Lloyd on "Sherry"; and the two Ashton children on ponies.

24th February, 1917

THE following bit of appropriate verse by M. V. Wynter, was on the back of the menu card at the dinner given last night at the Riding Club, New York, by the Masters of Fox Hounds' Association, in honor of General Sir Charles Gunning, Bart., C.M.G. of the British Remount Service:

There's a Vale for which I'm sighing,
I can see its fences still,
And my thoughts go backward flying,
With the pack to Golden Hill.
I can hear that welcome holloa.
"G-o-n-e away! He's broke at last!"
Hear the thundering hoofs that follow,
As I ride into the Past.

Memories, bitter sweet, come thronging
As I pace the prison ground,
And my heart is sick with longing
For a sight of horse and hound.
But however dear the days be,
Fair or foul, or rain or shine,
Not the Fates themselves can rob me
Of those Hunts that once were mine.

Pause a moment, oh, my brothers,
Who at home so glibly prate,
How you hope to see foxhunting
Soon abolished by the State.
We have fought for you, and gladly,
Will you now requite us thus?
Kill the sport we love so madly?
Think what hunting means to us!

For the sake of those who're absent,
For the sake of those who're gone,
All those gallant, cheery comrades
Who once rallied to the horn;
For the youngster, true to breeding,
Longing now the game to learn —
Hear us soldier exiles pleading,
Keep it going till we return.

31st March, 1917

UPON the return of the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, known as the City Troop, from the Mexican Border, where they had spent several months, it was decided to hold a Troop Race, known as the Border Plate, and it was run this afternoon over the post and rail course at Erdenheim.

There was a good crowd on hand to see R. H. R. "Bint" Toland ride his "Sam Ball" to victory, with "Merry Christmas," John Converse up, second, and George Brooke III on "Hopewell," third.

The other entries were: R. H. R. Toland's "Bald Face Charlie" and "Running Water," "Effigy," belonging to Philip Fisher; John Converse's "Hiawatha" and "El Rey"; "Flurry Knox," owned by Effingham B. "Buck" Morris; and E. F. Revinus's "Game Chick."

Saturday, 7th April, 1917

THE Sixth Annual Running for the Harston Cup, presented by Mr. H. Frazer Harris, was held at Erdenheim this afternoon, and won by Mr. William J. Clothier's "Brosseau," ridden by Mr. Gilbert Mather, from a field of nine, with Welsh Strawbridge's "River Breeze," owner up, second, and Mr. A. J. A. Devereux, on his "Rapacious," third; the "also rans" being: Mr. W. W. Lanahan's "Edwin Grey; Mr. Kline's "Ruskin"; Mr. Toland's "Sam

Ball"; Mr. Converse's "Merry Christmas"; Mr. Riddle's "Glen Riddle"; and Mr. Leiper's "Miss Oxford"; the previous winners of this cup being: 1912, Mr. John Strawbridge's "Grand Master"; 1913, Mr. C. Mahlon Kline's "Baldface Charlie"; 1914, Brandywine Stables' "Rutland"; 1915, Mr. William J. Clothier's "Meltonere"; 1916, Mr. Welsh Strawbridge's "River Breeze."

Saturday, 14th April, 1917

THERE was a fair-sized crowd and beautiful weather for the Second Radnor Spring Steeplechase at Happy Creek Farms to-day. The hostess, Mrs. Harrison, more charming than ever, again presented the plate to the winner.

Fourteen horses came to the post, Harry Barclay getting them away in good order. It was a beautiful race as they galloped down the slope to the first jump, but, on coming around over the hill, the pace began to tell, and Mrs. Hagen's "Jesuit," with Harry Tucker up, fell; then out by the far turn Gerry Leiper, on "Miss Oxford," turned over, followed shortly by Bill Clothier's "Brosseau" and John Converse's "Merry Christmas," with the owner up. Welsh Strawbridge on "River Breeze" had a good deal the best of it, but, unfortunately, went outside one flag, and, although coming home first, was disqualified and the race given to Antelo Devereux on "Rapacious," with second money to "Bint" Toland's "Sam Ball," with Eddie Cheston up, and Clarence Kline's "Ruskin," third; the "also rans" being "Edwin Grey" and "Cockspur," "Whirlwind," "Glen Riddle," "Wild Irishman," and "Rock Abbey."

Saturday, 21st April, 1917

WHEN C. Mahlon Kline, Esq., took over the Mastership at White Marsh, the Club imported a pack of English

hounds to replace the American hounds that had been in kennel during the régimes of Welsh Strawbridge and Gerry Leiper.

As is always the case, there was a good deal of discussion as to the advisability of an English pack; but, at any rate, the new hounds arrived in due course; and, as there were four very likely-looking bitches among the lot, "Sanctity," "Sandal," "Nameless," and "Radish," four good litters of puppies were whelped, all sired by "Lancer," a fine big upstanding dog, with plenty of bone and quite good feet.

When these puppies came in from walk, it was decided to hold the first (and as it turned out to be the last) White Marsh Valley Hunt Puppy Show, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Francis I. Gowen and Miss Marianna Gowen, at Chestnut Hill. It was a beautiful spring day, and, after a delightful luncheon on the terrace, the puppies were judged by Robert E. Strawbridge, Esq., M.F.H., Cottsmore.

"Lively," an extremely nice Belvoir tan dog puppy, out of "Sandal," walked by Julian C. Biddle, Esq., and, put down in very good condition, won the class for the best walked dog; while "Sorcerer," by "Lancer" out of "Sanctity," and walked by Miss Gowen, won the cup presented by Mrs. W. Frazier Harrison for the best dog puppy.

"Saucy," also out of "Sanctity," won Mr. Welsh Strawbridge's cup for the best bitch puppy; and she also won Mr. E. B. Smith's cup, given for the best puppy in the Show.

After the puppies, the old hounds were brought in the ring. "Lancer," the sire of all the winning puppies, quite easily won over the other dogs, taking Henry C. Barclay, Esq.'s cup; and "Guesswork" was given the Howard H. Henry cup for the best bitch.

Among those at the luncheon and show were: Mr. and

Mrs. Benjamin Chew; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Riddle; Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge; Mr. and Mrs. W. Frazier Harrison; Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt; Miss Gertrude Henry; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Miss Savage; Miss Margot Scull; Miss Kitty Smith; Messrs. Henry C. Barclay, C. M. Kline, and Russell H. Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. A. Barker Mellor; and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mulford.

Saturday, 12th May, 1917

THE Master of the Cheshire hounds was host to all the racing and foxhunting fraternity at Chesterland to-day, and, barring one dark cloud that dropped a bit of rain on the spotless linen spread on the lawn, the hills of Chester County never looked more beautiful. The Sporting World and his wife were there. They came to luncheon and they stayed for tea, and some of the more favored stayed to dinner and passed the night.

After luncheon under the lovely pines, Charles E. Mather, Esq., M.F.H. Brandywine, assisted by his huntsman, Thompson, judged the Cheshire young entry, consisting of three couples of dog puppies and six couples of bitches. "Commodore," an exceptionally nice Belvoir tan dog by "Pytchley Driver," out of "Burton Comfort," won his class for the best dog hound, while "Tissue," a bitch of great quality with especially good bone and feet, by the "Cottsmore Fisherman," out of "Heythrop Tipsy," was awarded the blue among the bitches.

After the Puppy Show came the steeplechase for the Cheshire Cup, of three miles over a hunting country for any horse, the *bona-fide* property of, and ridden by, a member of a recognized hunt or a farmer of Chester, Delaware, or Lancaster Counties; the winner's name to be inscribed

on "The Nimrod Vase," presented by Mr. M. B. Perkins.

There were six starters: Welsh Strawbridge's "River Breeze," with the owner up; William J. Clothier's "Wild Irishman"; Mrs. Hagen's "Jesuit," ridden by J. Hunter Lucas; Nelson Buckley's "Duster"; "Glen Riddle," by "The Bard," from the Glen Riddle Farms; and R. H. R. Toland's "Sam Ball," with Eddie Cheston up.

"Ruskin," "Brosseau," and "Mayon Head" being scratched, "Wild Irishman" made the running awhile at the start, but the long hill on the far side of the course took it out of some of them, and "River Breeze" galloped home quite an easy winner.

SEASON OF 1917–1918

SEASON OF 1917–1918

Owing to this terrible and almost universal war, certain economies in hunting must be practised by those who stay at home. Those who stay at home must "carry on" in such a manner as to lose nothing in the way of efficiency, yet to do so will be no easy task.

It is one of the beauties of foxhunting that the sport is not at all dependent on the scale of the establishment by which it is carried on. Sport depends on the stoutness of foxes, on the skill and keenness of the huntsman, and on the steadiness of hounds. Some men like Sam Kirk would show more sport with one horse and two couples of hounds than would some others with horses and hounds galore.

It is all very nice to have things on a liberal scale as we have had in the past, but if we must do without, we must do the best we can.

Ben Chew, M.F.H., Bob Strawbridge, and I met at the kennels on June 24th, to talk over the situation, and endeavor to put into practice some system of economies whereby the usual Radnor standard of sport could be carried on, but at a greatly reduced figure. Cutting down is hard, especially so when it comes to the question of putting down hounds, but it had to be done; so in consultation with the huntsman, we drafted the following five and one-half couples at once: "Gaylad," "Life Guard," "Fiddler," "Firefly," "Flirt," "Fair Play," "Lilock," "Hasty," "Kirkie," "Dinch," and "Boston."

If you halve the number of hunting days, you halve the necessary number of hounds; halve the hours of the day also, and you quarter the number of hounds; but we did n't go as fast as that, for it is destroying the pack and perhaps

the blood, too, and as Mr. Dale, in the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, says: "When you have hounds that can and will race a fox to death in a bad scent, your equine bill will be in exact proportion to your canine expenditure. At the top of expenditure all your field will have two horses out and a motor car. Your hunt servants must be equally well mounted as the field, for whereas in one of the latter it is no sin to go the pace he prefers, in the professional class, it is a crime not to be there."

It should be the ideal and desire of every whipper-in to be huntsman, and, although a great loss to Radnor, we were all delighted when Harry Brown was given the opportunity of going to the Cheshire in that capacity. It left Radnor in a sort of a hole, as whippers-in are not the easiest positions to fill, and especially in war-times. A substitute was nevertheless found in George Heatley.

Every one was restless and thinking of what he could best do in the war, and towards the middle of summer, the opportunity came for a good many sportsmen in the Remount Service.

The Radnor M.F.H., Benjamin Chew, accepted a commission as Captain, and immediately sent in his resignation to the Hunt. A special meeting of the Board of Governors was called for 1st August, 1917, at the kennels. His resignation was not accepted, but "laid on the table"; and while having dinner on the terrace, the following Hunt Committee was appointed to carry on during his absence: W. Hinckle Smith, Harry W. Harrison, S. Laurence Bodine, Rowland Comly, and J. Stanley Reeve, Chairman.

Hunting by a committee has not been a success since the days of Jorrock's onward. A Master is, and should be, an autocrat as long as he is Master, but a Hunt Committee will not do.

Photograph by Harry S. Hood

EDWARD C. DALE, ESQ.

And again, to quote Mr. Dale: "A Master can influence and win over farmers. Most committees would fail to do this for reasons obvious to any one with experience."

The Radnor Committee was not a success.

Finally the President called a meeting of the Governors to elect a Master to fill the vacancy during the war, and Mr. Bodine was unanimously chosen to carry on, and did so with great success.

Julian C. Biddle was one of the first Radnor men to give his life for his country. I remember saying good-bye to him at the corner of 4th and Walnut, the day before he sailed for France.

He was one of the few remaining types of the old-school sportsman, and was willing to work for his sport and go to a lot of trouble to have a morning's gallop.

During cubbing, when hounds leave the kennels at five-thirty or six o'clock, Julian would be there on time, always smiling, having motored over from Penllyn in the dark and gotten up certainly not later than four o'clock. He often would spend the night at the Club so as to get an hour's ride with hounds and be in town for business by nine-thirty.

There are very, very few of the present generation of young gentlemen who will make as much effort to have a bit of sport; the great tendency of the day being to want one's pleasures made easy and convenient, and to complain if a bit of exertion has to be made to get sport of any kind.

Julian was killed the morning of 18th August, 1917, while flying from Saint-Pol, France, to Dunkirk. Just what caused his plane to fall into the sea appears a mystery; but his body was found washed upon the sand dunes that

guard the Netherlands from the sea, and was buried in the peaceful little coast village of Egmond-aan-Zee.

3rd September, 1917 — "*Labor Day*"

It's rather late in the season to begin cubbing, but such is the effect of war economies, etc., on a hunting establishment.

It was an ideal morning to be after the cubs, just the right snap to the air at five-thirty, when hounds left the kennel, Will Leverton bringing out a mixed pack of seventeen couples, including the seven couples of young entry, and I never saw the Radnor pack in better shape. No one else appeared at the meet, and I must confess I was pretty lonely and sad as I rode up the Creek Road back of hounds. However, on reaching the Godfrey Road we picked up Bob Montgomery and his daughter, Miss Hope, and at Tryon Lewis's Mill met Harry Harrison and his nephew, Charlie, age ten.

Hounds found at once in Yarnall's Hollow, and, after making a couple of circles around the Hollow, went away in beautiful style. The young entry settled to their work like veterans, and, on crossing the Calvert Farm, we had a splendid view of a fine big cub racing over the meadow with the pack right on his brush, but a friendly cornfield saved him.

Young Charlie Harrison was apparently greatly disappointed when he viewed this fox. What sort of an animal he expected to see we could n't get from him, but, evidently, something about the size of a calf, from the way he spoke.

Quoting Mr. Dale, of the *Sporting and Dramatic News:* "It's not only the young who are surprised at the size of a fox. Ask any novice who sees a fox break covert for the first time in his life, to compare it in weight to some well-

known kind of dog, and the answer will be amazingly out of the truth. The average dog fox does not weigh sixteen pounds. Instead of comparing it with a smaller fox terrier of about sixteen to eighteen pounds, the comparison will much more often be to short-legged dogs of thirty to sixty pounds. I suppose that is because the outstanding fur of the fox stands for a good deal, and his brush for much more. But in either case he is a triumph of nature, and no dog that was ever bred of his weight can run with him, fight with him, and, also, go to ground with him. Besides, it takes a pack of hounds of probably fifteen couples, each hound four times his own weight, to get on even terms with him, although they have all the assistance of the huntsman, the whippers-in, and the field, besides the heartfelt shouts and view signals of all the farmers for miles round. Every hand and every voice before and behind is the enemy of the fox. All owe him a grudge of some kind. To the Master he is a good sporting friend who has always won the rubber up to now, and he must be paid for that; to the huntsman he is a beast that has done his utmost to spoil a reputation, and he must be paid for that. To the field he is either a bold fox that must be killed to gratify hounds, or a coward that must be eaten for the sake of his own species."

Cubbing continued with fair scent right along for several weeks, while "Governor," one of the young entry, distinguished himself on several occasions. On Tuesday, 23rd October, after meeting at the kennels at seven o'clock with quite a field out, composed of the Master, Mr. Bodine; Mrs. Charlie Munn; Mrs. Frazier Harrison; Mrs. Valentine; Ned and Miss Dougherty; Miss Barclay; Miss Bailey, of Ardmore; Lem Altemus; Rowland Comly; Captain Barclay McFadden; Miss Alex Dolan; Nelson Buckley and David

S. B. Chew, hounds found a fox in the wood back of Louis Meimbresse's quarry, and, carrying the line over the hill into Mrs. Clyde's, swung right-handed and raced down-country through the Fox Hill Farm to the Chimney Corner, where it looked as if a fresh fox went away in front of hounds. Having dwelt at the Corner a moment, hounds ran on at a great pace across the Stuart Wood property to the Darby Creek, then on to the golf course, where they turned left-handed, and, coming back through Brookthorpe, crossed the Highland Farm into Drexel's. Supposing our fox would go to ground under the swimming-pool, we were surprised to see hounds turn and make another loop to the creek; crossing the golf course again and coming back to Wootten, hounds made the same circuit the third time, finally marking their fox to ground at the Chimney Corner, after an hour and ten minutes of very nice work.

Meeting at White Horse on Saturday, 27th October, hounds gave us an exceptionally good morning after two very stout cubs; and, as the day was warm and sultry, horses and hounds had all they wanted, as also did Mrs. John Valentine, for she appeared at the meet in a heavy winter habit, and, before the run was half over, was complaining bitterly. But she was not the only one out of luck, for Fred and Mrs. Sturges, having come over from New York to look over their stud at Dave Sharp's, and incidentally have a morning's cubbing, ran out of gasoline halfway to the meet, so missed the run.

Hounds found their first fox in Fairy Hill, George Heatley viewing him out the top side of covert, with the pack giving him a run for his money, and, keeping Sugartown on their left, came down to the Evans meadow, on to Cathcart's Rocks, where they gave every one, excepting Will

Leverton, the slip, and, turning sharp back, ran to Waynesboro and through to Nawbeck, where scent failed entirely.

Most of the field, deciding they had lost enough weight for one day, left from here; but on coming down-country hounds pushed another cub out of Rowland Comly's wood, and after a very smart run of fifteen minutes marked him to earth in Battles's (Brooks's) wood.

Among the field were the Master; Mrs. Snowden, beautifully mounted and riding her own line as usual; Isaac Clothier, Jr.; Ned and Miss Dougherty; Eddie Dale; Nelson Buckley; Lowber and John Stokes; Lem Altemus; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; and Arthur Dickson.

1st November, 1917

It was sad to-day at Newtown Square; even the old inn did n't somehow look the same. There were very few smiling farmer friends to greet the hounds, besides only a field of seven for an opening meet at Radnor. A couple of years ago one would have said such a thing impossible. No breakfast for the opening meet at Happy Creek; no pink coats, not even for the hunt servants; but the great point is to keep the sport going, and that can only be done by science, enthusiasm, and perseverance, with greatly reduced funds.

Hunting has never been exclusively a rich man's game, which is one of its blessings. A good foxhound is enough to make a cry, and a horse that can gallop and stay is all we need, so those of us who are still at home must carry on, even if things are not quite as we would like them.

Even most of the ladies deserted hounds to-day.

Yarnall's Hollow was drawn blank; but on working up the creek through Mr. John Brown's wood, "Doctor" spoke to a line and the rest of the pack, taking it up,

worked it out through the Old Mill property to the meadows opposite Happy Creek, where scent improved, and, running with a good cry to Dr. Bartholomew's, turned back and took us at a good clip to Yarnall's Hollow, then back again and, with a good gallop over Mr. Brown's lovely fields, hounds ran to Harrison's gateway, turned, and, taking us back over Brown's and into Yarnall's Hollow once more, were taken home when they checked a moment in the wood.

The field of seven included: The Master; Walter Roach, of Rose Tree, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself; Ned Dougherty; Miss Austin; Ned Blabon; and Fred Phillips.

Saturday, 10th November, 1917

SCENT was so poor to-day that hounds could do nothing. Fox after fox was viewed away right in front of them and they could n't own the line at all.

Rose Tree found the same conditions, and I hear that at White Marsh their hounds could not even run the drag.

Saturday, 24th November, 1917
Cheshire Hounds, Cheshire Inn, nine o'clock

CAPT. PLUNKET STEWART, having returned from his remount duties in the West for a few days, kindly asked me to have a day with him and his most excellent hounds; so on Friday afternoon we motored up-country, stopping at Howard Henry's farm at Wawasset for dinner, where, with Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Devereux, Mrs. Valentine, Mrs. Mather, and Mrs. Frazier Harrison, we spent a most enjoyable evening, motoring on to the Cheshire Inn to pass the night.

The morning was beautiful, with just a nice snap to the

air, when hounds met at the inn at nine o'clock. The ladies arrived on time, so we were off quite promptly. Mr. Kerr motored up from Trainer to hunt with us, and Penn Smith came on the train to West Chester, trolleying to Unionville from there. C. C. Newlin and Mr. Chambers were also out.

The first draw was Webb's Wood, which was blank, hounds working back through the Chesterland Farm, the Logan Farm, and on to Cox's Wood, when we saw Penn Smith on a hilltop waving his arms. Hounds picked up the line at once in the wood, and carrying it out across the meadow and over the road where Penn was, and, on galloping up to him, he said two foxes had gone away. Hounds settled to the line of one of them beautifully, and here we had a nice bit of jumping in and out of the road, Penn enjoying it immensely! Scent was a bit catchy for a few minutes, but hounds ran fast enough to keep us galloping right along over the grass. It was all grass, and over a beautiful line of country for fifty minutes, when hounds marked their fox to ground along the railroad cut in the Glen Hall Barrens, much to every one's satisfaction. Our horses had gone splendidly, every one was well up alongside of hounds all the time, so everybody was in the best of spirits.

Mrs. Devereux was riding her grey "Happy Boots"; Plunket on "High Brow"; Mrs. Valentine on "Quah"; and I, a green chestnut mare whose name I cannot remember, that Mr. Kerr lent me, but who carried me very well through this run.

Hounds soon found a second very stout fox in Passmore's wood that went away like the proverbial "bat out of hell," with the pack, as Plunket afterwards said, "Roaring like bulls." It was about the fastest thing on

record, every one racing at top speed, when the chestnut I was riding began to tire a bit, and, in jumping out of a farmyard, put me down, fortunately on a nice bit of soft turf; but by the time I was up and on again, hounds were out of sight, but not out of hearing. I had a long stern chase, and finally came even with hounds in the Laurels, having missed about fifteen minutes of the best of it. Hounds pushed their fox on out of the Laurels and on over the hilltop where scent began to fail, and finally vanished entirely at the Burnt Chimney, thirty-five minutes from the find.

Harry Brown's horse was entirely gone, so Mr. Kerr changed with him. Mine was cooked a good while before, but still able to plod along; in fact, every one had a plenty, so hounds were taken home.

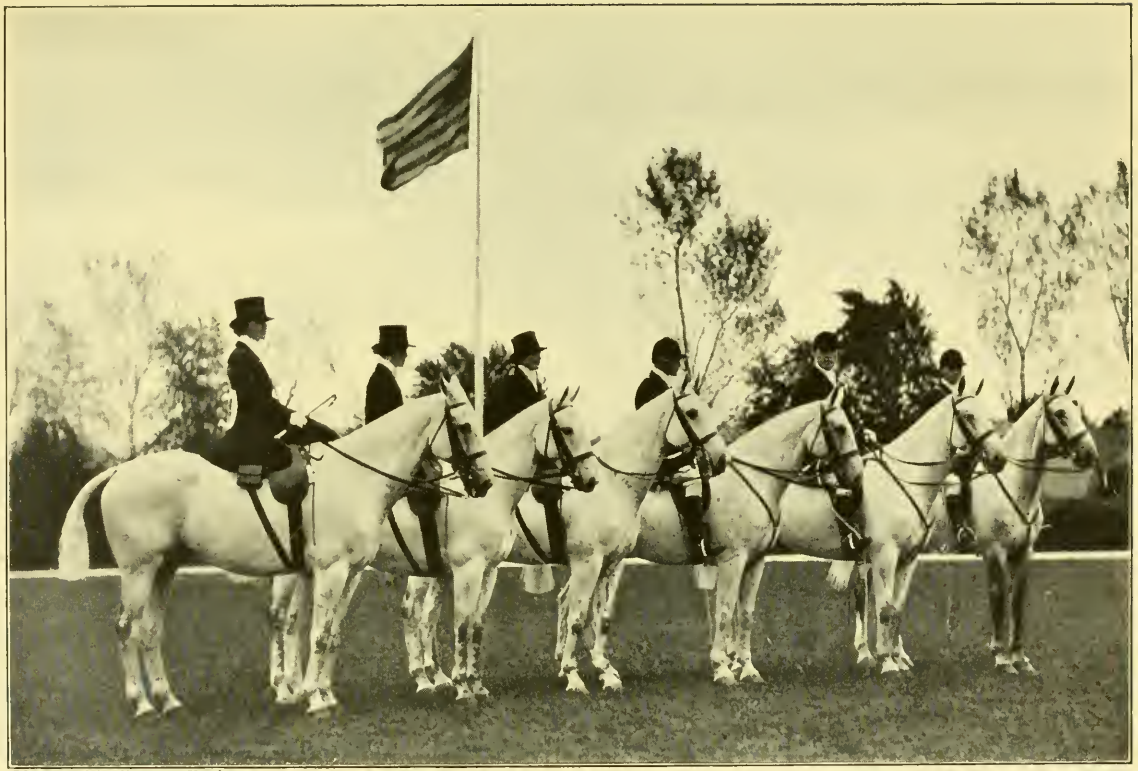
Sunday, 25th November, 1917

To lose old friends is always sad; whether they be human friends, dog friends, or horse friends; and sometimes the loss of one's four-footed friends is much harder to bear than the loss of one's "fair-weather" human friends. The four-footed fellows are, thank God, seldom of the "fair-weather" variety.

All the hunting community were grieved this afternoon to learn that Isaac H. Clothier, Jr., had lost five of his best hunters when his stable at Radnor burned. "Miss Canada," "Ichabod," "Ingomar," "Colonel Livingston," and "Virginia Boy," were burned in their stalls. One of his old favorites, "Judge," was fortunately saved.

Thursday, 29th November, 1917 — "*Thanksgiving Day*"

It was a very different sort of Thanksgiving Day at Radnor this year from those of the past. We had no



Photograph by Harry S. Hood

THE SIX GREYS

Mrs. Paul Denckla Mills on "Grey Cloud"
Mrs. Charles A. Munn on "Peter Grey"
Mrs. A. J. Antelo Devereux on "Happy Boots"
Harry Ramsey, *First Whip*, on "Dave Waller"
W. Plunket Stewart, Esq., M.F.H., on "Water Wagon"
Harry Brown, *Huntsman*, on "Greymaster"

breakfast for the farmers, nor horse show nor races, and, owing to the war economies, hounds even were not scheduled to go out; but, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Bob Strawbridge, the governors decided to let hounds go out in order to give the officers, who were home from Camp Meade for the day, a bit of sport.

Major Francis V. Lloyd, I mounted on "Tommy"; Nelson Buckley lent "Duster" to Lieutenant George Brooke; Miss Alexandra Dolan mounted Lieutenant Bill Corcoran on "Sloe Gin"; the Cassatts gave Lieutenant Clifton Lisle a horse; Lieutenant Bobby Strawbridge was on his father's "Radnor"; Lieutenant Harry Barclay on Miss Barclay's "Sandy"; Captain Clarence H. Clark III and Lieutenant Gurnee Munn were also among the officers out.

There was quite a bit of snow on the ground, but the going was fairly good, and fortunately we found a fox in Yarnall's Hollow. He went out the upper side of the covert, over the hill and on across the Wyola Road into the farm "Pick" Harrison used to have. Hounds checked here a moment, ran into the wood, and, turning left-handed, crossed the brook, then on at a nice galloping pace over the Newtown Road, into the field opposite the Harrison Meadows, then out to Hector NcNeal's on the Paoli Road, where they turned down-country again and crossed into Happy Creek Farms to the Old Mill, where we had a good view of our fox, a rather small one. Turning again, hounds sank the vale and swung up-country again, practically over the same line as before, then down-country once more through Mr. John Brown's wood and on into Yarnall's Hollow, where he must have gone to ground in the rocks, but hounds did not mark him under.

It was quite a nice fifty-eight minutes, and thoroughly enjoyed by all the officers, as it was their first and probably only run of the season.

Mr. Edward Ilsley, who was following in a motor, was waiting along the Wyola Road opposite Serrill's track, watching hounds. As they came over the hill from Yarnall's Hollow, he saw the hunted fox trying to put hounds off the line by running along the top rail of a post-and-rail fence. One often hears of a fox doing a trick like this, but it's very seldom that one sees it. At any rate, it was n't successful this time, for hounds carried the line straight alongside this fence and on through the wood.

How much of the sagacity of the fox is real and how much is the supposed repetition of fabulous feats and their parallels, one never quite knows; and, as Mr. Dale says in the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, I have recently seen records of the doings of foxes that are supposed to have been done by design to save their lives and to be due to reasoning powers. Thus a fox is seen to run along the top of a wall and he chances to escape. Consequently, he is supposed to have "run the wall" in order to escape; that is, in order to put hounds off the scent. It has never struck me as a feat performed for any such object, except to this extent, that any turn is likely to put hounds off, not more so if it is a turn at right angles, as along a fence after an approach to it over the open of a field, or whether that right-angle turn is in the middle of a field or on the fence. Foxhounds are bred for drive, and consequently any right-angle turn is as likely, and no more likely, to make them overrun the line than a sudden hide in a furrow would be. But there may not be a furrow to hide in. There may be a wall, and, if hounds approach the latter and smell fox scent on top of it, they naturally believe it comes from

the other side, and jump the wall, and press on in the direction opposite that they came from. That does not appear to me to be half as clever as the method of the hare which, coursed by greyhounds, shoots through a muse in the wall as the greyhounds jump it. Then the hare instantly pops back through the hole, while the greyhounds, having cleared the wall, gaze for the hare exactly in the direction she pretended to be going, but did not go. Three parts of all the fancied cleverness of hunted animals arises from the fact that they can become scentless sometimes by intention and sometimes by accident. Of all creatures that one would suppose to have no control over their scent, the hunted deer and the hunted fox are apparently the most likely, but really it is just the reverse. A stag is run with a good scent. Suddenly he disappears and leaves no trace of a scent. He has probably taken couch somewhere, and a total absence of movement serves his turn and saves his life. That absolute stillness is as useful to him as to the incubating partridge; but what happens to the scent he made in going to the spot he chooses for the couch of a hunted deer? He did not fly to it.

Among the rest of the field were: Mrs. Charlie Munn; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Mrs. Bob Strawbridge; S. Laurence Bodine; Ned Blabon; Rowland Comly and his son, Lester; and Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, on Gardner Cassatt's "Greymaster," going in her usual faultless style.

6th February, 1918

Not since the winter of 1818–1819, ninety-nine years ago, has there been such a continued cold spell of weather and one to stop hunting for so many weeks, as we have practically been stopped since December 8th.

First came quite a fair-sized snow that melted, then

suddenly froze up while it was trying to run off, leaving the ground with a coating of ice from four to six inches thick, not in spots, but all over the country. Hunting, of course, was out of the question, as it was impossible to ride the country, or for hounds to get about.

After a fortnight of the ice, it began to snow every few days until there were twenty-eight inches on the ground, with the mercury down to 10° below zero on two occasions, and on Tuesday, February 5th, 1918, the glass at the Racquet Club in town was 3° below zero at lunch-time, the coldest on record for the middle of the day.

There's a touch of spring in the air to-day, with rivers of water running in every direction; but it will take several days of good warm sunshine to make it fit to hunt.

A lineman, digging a hole for a telegraph pole in Bryn Mawr, told me the other day there were forty-four inches of frost in the ground, so when that begins to come out, there will be plenty of mud and soft going to plow through.

Mrs. Edward H. Carle, of Millbrook, who came here for the hunting at the close of the Millbrook Season, and has taken Louis Meimbresse's cottage, is rather out of luck, but maybe now the weather is breaking, she may get a run for her money after all. She brought along a very nice string of horses; but like all the others in the country, they have been eating their heads off of late.

Thursday, 14th February, 1918

Having been snowed up for so long, hounds evidently decided to celebrate to-day, and after meeting at Newtown Square at one-thirty, and drawing several coverts blank, they settled on the line of a small red pig belonging to Dr. Bartholomew. With a marvellous burst of music that made every one sit up and take notice, they raced

MRS. EDWARD H. CARLE, ON "GERMOND"
1916

away, and then we saw Mr. Pig galloping down the road just ahead of hounds. They could n't be stopped in time, and the pig squeezing under a fence took to the open country with the pack at his heels. Owing to the remains of a snowdrift, the fence was unjumpable, and, before we could get to them, hounds had rolled the pig over and were worrying him in good style, with Mr. Pig giving volumes of tongue.

Mrs. Carle's servant, Johnson, and I finally reached the worry, and, after much rating, succeeded in rescuing the poor porker, who turned out to be very little the worse for wear. Barring a couple of tears, his tough hide was whole, and with a bit of petting quite regained his fat equilibrium, after which we put him in the Doctor's barn and bedded him down with clean straw.

Dave Sharp, having gone home just before the pig episode, heard hounds, and, thinking we were having a good run, took a fresh horse and came boiling down-country, but did n't reach the scene of activities in time to get a hoof.

However, it very often takes something a little out of the ordinary to change one's luck, and, on working down-country, a fox was viewed away from the wood opposite Happy Creek. Carrying him through Waterloo Mills, hounds ran over Mr. Brown's beautiful pasture to Yarnall's Hollow, to Mr. Earle's, over the Goshen Road to the Hospital Farm, and to Bryn Mawr Avenue, where they turned left-handed into the Phillips property, and, as it was getting dark, were taken home when they checked a moment at the railroad.

Mrs. Walter Roach, of Rose Tree, was out for a while, but left before the run; the others were: The Master; Mrs. Carle; Miss Barclay; Ned Blabon; Nelson Buckley; and Dave Sharp.

Saturday, 2nd March, 1918

It may not be one of the rules of the game to deliberately put one's hounds on the line of a fox that another pack is running, but, at any rate, it gave Radnor a long run to-day, and apparently caused no ill-feeling with the other fellow-me-lad.

After meeting at White Horse at ten-thirty, and finding several coverts blank, we heard and saw a pack of hounds in full cry just crossing the State Road by the Rush Hospital. The Radnor pack was lifted, and, galloping to Hog Lane, met the West Chester hounds as they entered the swamp, so, joining forces, the two packs ran at a good pace for Malvern; but, keeping the village on their right, fairly flew up-country, and, fortunately for us, quite near and parallel to a friendly road, as the country was much too soft for horses to gallop in for any length of time. After ten minutes hounds checked in a very pretty farmyard, but Will Leverton had them going again before any one had time to get the mud out of his eyes; and, pushing through the Hershey Mill Wood, turned left-handed over the Sullivan Farm to Shellbark Hollow, where hounds dwelt a moment, much to our horses' relief. But on working it out of the Hollow, they raced away down-country to the Keen Farm, and, keeping the farm buildings on their right, took us back to Hershey's Mill; then, crossing the millpond on the ice, hounds went over the King Road, into the Brown Farm; then, bearing southward through the woodlands, ran to the middle of Hoopes Brothers and Thomas's Nurseries, where, as always happens, hounds were put to their noses and finally came to a complete check. William Brice, the West Chester huntsman, found the fox's track in the mud, and, capping hounds on, they carried it slowly to the lower side of the nursery where scent failed completely.

Having been galloping two hours and thirty-five minutes, it was decided to separate the two packs and go home; but home was a long way off.

Among the West Chester field were: Dick and Mrs. Murtagh; "Moan" Worth; and Wycoff Smith, of the Whiteland's Hunt; and a lot of hard-riding farmers; also, a very small boy in a faded Wild-West costume, who rode a shaggy, short-legged pony that went like the proverbial "bat out of hell"; and a most amusing man, whom I had a great feeling for, because, when he came to a fence, no matter how small, he would gallop full tilt up to it, throw himself off, climb over with his crock of a horse following him, take a flying leap into the saddle, and be on his way with practically no loss of time. He was a wonder.

Among the Radnor field were: Mr. Bodine; Mrs. Carle; Ned Blabon; Miss Dougherty; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Mrs. Snowden, going superbly, as is her way; Randy Snowden; Miss Barclay; Buck and Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; and Ben Holland.

Saturday, 9th March, 1918

Having met at Sugartown and drawn the country blank up to Shellbark Hollow, we heard hounds apparently going away from the upper side of the swamp.

Shellbark is a mean covert to get through, and, if they were really going out the far side, it meant a long gallop around to get to them, so some of us, including the Master, Captain and Mrs. Devereux, Mrs. Sharp, Mr. Blodget, of New York, and Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, made a try for it, and, on reaching the stony hilltop where we expected to get on terms with our hounds, we heard hounds on our left, which we knew could not be Radnor. Presently a splendid big fox broke from a wood and came galloping

along towards us across the valley. He ran under several post and rail fences, but, on coming to a big worm fence, stood well off and took it in his stride like a greyhound, and in most beautiful style.

The other pack turned out to be the Chester Valley, William C. Wilson, M.F.H., and, carrying the line on into Shellbark Hollow, ran to Hershey's Mill, where Mrs. Sharp viewed the fox going back up country. Radnor hounds had by now harked to the Chester Valley; but, as it commenced to rain and sleet and blow, hounds were first brought to their noses and then to a full stop, and, when the combined arts of the two huntsmen failed to produce results, we started a long, long hack home.

But misery loves company, and company makes a long ride seem short.

"THE BOOT HUNT AND A LEMON PIE"

Monday, 18th March, 1918

At the invitation of Mr. R. J. Barry, of West Chester, I journeyed to the Boot, this beautiful spring morning, taking Mrs. Eddie Carle with me; our horses having gone on much earlier, as it's a long hack from here, seventeen miles at least, and really too far to send a horse for a day's hunting.

We met our horses at Goshen School, jogged on to the Boot, reaching there just at ten o'clock, and, instead of finding hounds about ready to start, found the breakfast just commencing, the hospitable host, "Barry of the Boot," insisting upon our going into the house and eating. We did n't feel much like eating, but had to make a try at it. So, on going through the kitchen, saw a table piled up with pies of all kinds, and one kind in particular that es-

pecially appealed to us, lemon custard meringue. Mrs. Carle and I ate a whole pie between us, and it was n't a small one either, and thereby hangs the tale.

After finishing off the lemon custard, standing around, smoking and talking, the fox was finally auctioned off by the local auctioneer, and over $275 realized for the Red Cross.

Then, after a few more delays, etc., the fox was taken across the road and dropped. He was a good strong fellow and, pointing his mask towards West Chester, disappeared over the hill, evidently making for his home earth, on the McFadden Farm along the Brandywine. An old white bitch was put on the line in a few minutes to keep the fox moving, the bitch going off in grand style with much tongue, and followed by about twenty of the impatient field, who by their impatience spoiled a good run for the rest of us.

After ten minutes more, the barn doors were thrown open and out poured, three deep, the greatest collection of hounds I ever expect to see, sixty-two and one-half couples, of all shapes, sizes, and kinds, from all the neighboring packs, namely: Boot Hunt, Hickman Hunt, Stewarts, Sam Kirk's West Chester, Whitelands, and Dutton's hounds. When they picked up the line, and even before, they let out a roar that could have been heard ten miles across country; every "dog" was "doing his bit" to the best of his ability. They fairly flew up over the hill, followed, and preceded and flanked by a yelling mob of horsemen, that left in their wake a stream of broken girths, stirrup-leathers, and sprawling farmers. I galloped by three, biting Mother Earth, in the space of one field. The fields were a bit soft, but good falling, and the going rather deep; also a trifle crowded was the one gap in the first fence!

Things went quite merrily for say ten minutes to a check in Hoopes Brothers and Thomas's Nurseries, or until the body of the pack caught up to the white bitch that was doing her best to hurry Reynard along.

Enter the lemon custard meringue pie on the scene again!

During the check, Mrs. Carle's servant, Johnson, came up to me saying: "The Madame is feeling sick, and thinks she will go home, Sir." I trotted out to the road and found her looking a bit done. All she would say was: "Oh, the lemon pie, I must go home"; and I might add that one half of a perfectly good lemon pie did n't get much farther down the road! It spoiled her day, but gave the rest of us a lot of fun.

The truth of the old saying, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," was very plainly brought home to us from then on, for hounds never really settled on the line again, and, after picking it up every now and then for a few yards, were taken into the P. M. Sharpless estate, where rabbits being plentiful, hounds proceeded to enjoy themselves as they thought best, three rabbits being on foot at one time, the hounds obligingly divided into three packs, and any fox-hunter who may read these humble lines can imagine the result.

I hacked back to Goshenville, met my motor, and came home, while my poor horse, Tommy, did n't get in until six o'clock, having had about ten and one-half hours.

Among those at the meet were: Mrs. "Dick" Murtagh; Wycoff Smith; Emanuel Hey; Patrick Corcoran; Francis Jacobs; William Brice; M. B. Worth; "Dick" Newlin; Mrs. Patterson; Colonel James McComb; R. J. and Mrs. Barry; Dr. Oat, of West Chester; Dr. Evans, of Malvern; and many good farmer friends that I knew, but do not know their names.

Saturday, 3rd April, 1918

THE Huntingdon Valley Hunt made a brave effort to-day to have a spring meeting, and under most adverse conditions; owing to the war, and the softest going imaginable, had only three horses at the post in the two principal events.

Captain W. Plunket Stewart's brown gelding, "Marcellinus," by "D'Arenburg," beautifully ridden by Eddie Cheston, won the Huntingdon Valley Plate in a sea of mud, from "Riverbreeze" and "Gigantoi," and in the Meadowbrook Plate the going was so deep that the stewards decided to shorten the race from three miles to one and a half. Huntingdon Valley Farms' "Whirlwind," with C. Darlington up, won from Welsh Strawbridge's "Lakewood." Nelson Buckley's "Blue Mischief," with Eddie Cheston riding, pulled up and did not finish.

"MARYLAND HUNT CUP"

27th April, 1918

A LITTLE sporting tour away from home is always most enjoyable, and especially so when the horse one is backing wins; and the consensus of opinion was that there was never a more popular win of the Maryland Hunt Cup than to-day, when Captain W. Plunket Stewart's "Marcellinus," with Eddie Cheston up, galloped home in front of a field of nine. It is an interesting coincidence that during the Spanish War, just twenty years ago, and when Plunket Stewart was also in uniform, his horse "The Squire" won this same classic.

Although the field to-day was not as large as in the piping times of peace, it quite made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. Mr. Heiser gave his delightful an-

nual luncheon previous to the race, and on his broad lawns overlooking the course were groups of officers representing all the Allied Powers in the Great War, official Washington having turned out in force.

Benjamin H. Brewster, Jr.'s, "Chuckatuck," who finished second to "Brosseau" last year, was backed by a good many to win, but was not able to do the trick and finished second again, with "Hollander" third, who fell early in the game, as did five others, including Mrs. Pearce's "Mabo," with Welsh Strawbridge up.

SEASON OF 1918–1919

SEASON OF 1918–1919

The second season of war-time hunting naturally found Radnor better able to see its way more clearly than at first. The War Master had settled the question of "carrying on," and did "carry on" in a most excellent and business-like manner. He adjusted his methods to his means and preserved not only the outward appearance of the sport, but also the fine spirit and traditions of the Radnor kennels.

At the close of the previous season, Will Leverton had entered the Service, and Mr. Bodine was fortunate in getting Radnor's ex-huntsman, Will Davis, for the duration of the war; but he was much more fortunate in having that most popular and splendid horsewoman, Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, as whipper-in for a large part of the time.

Sport was quite good the season through, I'm told, so much so, in fact, that at its close the Master was given a complimentary dinner in recognition of the sport he had shown, and an effort made to persuade him to retain the Mastership another year.

A good many of us happened to have done our bit for our country with the Remount Branch of the Army, and to all of them I am sure the following poem by W. J. Ogilvie, which appeared in "The Horse and the War," will recall many interesting moments:

THE REMOUNT TRAIN

Every head across the bar,
Every blaze and snip and star,
Every nervous, twitching ear,
Every soft eye filled with fear,

Seeks a friend, and seems to say:
"Whither now, and where away?"
Seeks a friend and seems to ask:
"Where the goal, and what the task?"

Wave the green flag! Let them go! —
Only horses? Yes, I know;
But my heart goes down the line
With them, and their grief is mine! —
There goes honour, there goes faith,
Down the way of dule and death,
Hidden in the cloud that clings
To the battle-wrath of kings!

There goes timid child-like trust
To the burden and the dust!
High-born courage, princely grace
To the peril it must face!
There go stoutness, strength and speed
To be spent where none shall heed,
And great hearts to face their fate
In the clash of human hate!

Wave the flag, and let them go!
Hats off to that wistful row
Of lean heads of brown and bay
Black and chestnut, roan and grey!
Here's good luck in lands afar —
Snow-white streak, and blaze, and star!
May you find in those far lands
Kindly hearts and horsemen's hands!

SEASON OF 1919–1920

SEASON OF 1919–1920

1st September, 1919

SABRETACHE, in his "Pictures in the Fire" in *The Tatler*, gives a very true description of one's feelings when starting hunting once more after the war.

"There's a pal or two missing for all of us, is n't there? — fellows you've ridden with all day, told your latest yarns to, ragged about some girl you think they've been keen on, then hacked home long miles in the dark with. Can't you see that long wet road with the bare trees meeting over the top of it and a faint primrose streak the only sign of the day that's gone? Can't you hear old John's or old Bill's spurs clinking against his irons as he sits with his feet hanging loose out of the stirrups to give himself a bit of a rest? Can't you see the picture of that bald-faced chestnut horse he was riding, with the plaited mane and a long bang tail? Can't you see his hat all bashed in where he took it handsomely over that gap, mended with a bit of a rail, and an ell of a ditch beyond? Can't you catch the smell of the dead leaves and see that derelict harrow in the corner of the big plough? Don't it all sort of come back and make you — well, just make you — main unhappy when you know you'll never hack back from another day's hunt with dear old John or Bill? Just nothing after Festubert, and the last man who saw him had his eyes blown out, and did n't realize it quite because it was dark."

Some of us are home again, and how easily we have slipped back into all our old pursuits and pleasures. A few of us have been even more closely associated with our faithful friend, the horse, during the war, than in previous

peace-times; and even though familiarity is supposed to breed contempt, I'll wager not one foxhunter that was in the service has anything but the greatest respect and admiration for the noble beasts that carried him and worked for him during his army career.

It's quite true, most of them were not hunters, and very few of them could have been made into hunters, but they gave one a ride whenever one asked, and never groused about it. But it was nice to come back and get on your own old favorite again, was n't it? — even if he did have a big hay belly, after having been at grass for eighteen months or two years, and grunted and groaned when you first tried him in canter? Nothing you had between your knees in the army felt quite like him, did it? You patted his neck a good half-dozen times that first ride, and probably, if you were riding alone, talked to him and told him a lot of things that you have n't even told your wife yet; and was n't the old fellow glad to have you on his back again? Of course he was. He knew it meant hunting again for him, and where is the horse, hound, or man who is n't glad to get back into that game once more?

Although cubbing was a bit late in starting, and, even if there was no young entry in the kennels to watch, there was that same thrill and excitement this morning when hounds went out for the first time. It was a typical cubbing morning, inky black and raining a bit, when my horse was brought to the door at five-thirty. Then in a minute it poured in torrents and I jogged into the carriage house and waited a bit, thereby losing several valuable minutes, but finally arriving at the Happy Creek barn just as hounds were moving off.

How natural it all seemed again; the same smiling faces; the same hounds, only not so many of them, and mostly

the same horses. The Master on a bay; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, looking more boyish than ever, on "Tango"; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Will Leverton hunting hounds again and riding Horace Hare's "Plainsman"; and so on.

The sixteen and a half couples of dogs and bitches found immediately and opened up with a roar that must have awakened Harry Harrison or at least made him dream of hunting, for they raced around his big cornfield a couple of times before straightening the cub away. Then, crossing the meadow, they took us towards the far hill, where the cub was no doubt turned by Mr. Waln and Ned Dougherty who were standing watching the hunt. Hounds swung around back to Harrison's, then out left-handed and across Hector McNeal's to the Leopard Road, where they dwelt a moment. Casting themselves, they came back at a good clip to the old mill and on into Yarnall's Hollow, when they were taken in owing to the heat.

Saturday, 18th October, 1919

Old Square quite regained its pre-war prestige this morning, and it was certainly like the good old days to see forty-eight people turn out at seven-thirty in the morning for cubbing. They were well repaid for their early rising by a stout cub from Brooks's Wood that gave a fast fifty minutes' gallop before going under in his home earth.

There were several strangers out, including F. Ambrose Clarke; Frank Voss, who is on here painting a portrait of Henry Collins's "Jingo"; Miss Emily P. Welsh, of White Marsh, riding Roddy Wanamaker's brown mare; and Miss Gertrude Conway.

Most of us met again in the afternoon at the Huntingdon Valley Races, where the sport was only fair. Welsh

Strawbridge won the Huntingdon Valley Cup for the third time, with "Riverbreeze," while Strassburger's "Wolferton II," who was looked upon by some of the talent as the winner, ran away with Gerry Leiper the last time around, and disappeared down a lane.

Monday, 20th October, 1919

HOUNDS ran clean away from every one this morning, so much so, in fact, that there was no one with them at all when they marked their fox under in the drain under the road by Louis Meimbresse's quarry.

Tom Dillon, the stud groom at the Club, was the first one there and he was on foot. The fox could be seen in the drain, so a rock was put at one end and a kennel boy at the other, while we sent back to the kennels for a terrier. "Rags," the terrier, was put in, and, much to our surprise, came out the other end with no sign of Reynard, and what became of him no one ever knew.

The field came up by degrees, and, just as we were all standing around the drain in the narrow road, a man came along leading a cow. The cow gave Brose Clarke's horse a punch in the ribs with her horns, the horse jumped and pulled away from Brose's servant, kicked up at the cow, and the ill-matched pair galloped through the crowd, kicking at each other and causing much commotion.

Saturday, 25th October, 1919

AFTER meeting at Old Square at seven-thirty with scenting conditions apparently of the best, hounds could do practically nothing with their first fox, which was found in Battles's Wood and carried with much difficulty to Innes's and then left-handed to Mr. Battles's lawn, where they gave it up.

Our second draw was Calvert's Swamp, where another fox was viewed away down-country, with quite a holding scent, hounds carrying him on into Mr. C. C. Harrison's meadows, down the creek to the wood on top of the hill, then right-handed and back to where we found. Here he was viewed again by Higgins, and, circling, took the same line as before; crossing the Newtown Road and, pointing down-country, took us to Yarnall's Hollow, where another fox broke ahead of hounds, the pack splitting and four and one-half couples going on the line of the fresh fox. The hunted fox then turned up the Hollow, circling back, and was finally marked to ground in the hillside by Mrs. McGovern's little house, near where we first found him.

A field of sixty-three out; quite the record for a cubbing morning, among them being: Mr. Bodine; John and Mrs. Converse; Miss Emily Welsh; Miss Betty Trotter, of White Marsh; Misses Ellen Mary and Eugenia Cassatt; Ben Chew; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; R. Nelson Buckley; Roddy and Tommy Wanamaker; Mr. Beale; Gurney Munn; Mrs. Howard Henry; A. J. A. Devereux; F. Ambrose Clarke; Thornton Baker; Dick McMeely; Bob Montgomery; Isaac Clothier, and his little daughter on a pony that ran away; Miss Gertrude Heckscher; William and Mrs. du Pont; and Lowber and Walter Stokes.

Saturday, 25th October, 1919

The Race Committee at Rose Tree, composed of Charles A. Dohan, Emanuel Hey, M. Roy Jackson, Walter M. Jeffords, M.F.H., and George W. Orton, are very much to be congratulated on their meeting of Saturday, which every one agreed was quite the best ever given in this section of the country; not only from an artistic standpoint, but from a racing one as well. Everything was beautifully

done; the grounds and course in good condition, with the fences all newly whitewashed; the lawns cut; in fact the whole place was turned out like a well-groomed horse.

Sunday papers said ten thousand people were there, and I don't believe they were far out of the way.

The race for the President's Cup brought fifteen horses to the post; an exceptional field, not only in numbers, but quality; and when one considers that such a high-class horse as Mrs. Jeffords's "Dr. Johnson" (by "Sir John Johnson" out of "Quack") had to do his best to win, it shows that the racing was quite up to the standard of the Metropolitan tracks.

Mr. Strassburger's "Nonesuch" ran second, and Huntingdon Valley Farms' "By the Stars," third.

The last race of the day, the Rose Tree Plate, over the post and rail course, brought eight horses to the post.

Welsh Strawbridge's "Riverbreeze" did not start, owing to the weights, as by his recent winnings he would have had to carry one hundred and eighty-two pounds, which Welsh evidently thought too much.

Mr. A. F. Hyde's "Little Joe," who won on Wednesday, fell early in the game, as did Mr. Jacob R. Ridgway's "Dooly," with the owner up.

Gerry Leiper rode and won on Mr. Strassburger's "Wolferton II," while Gilbert Mather was second on Bill Clothier's "Brosseau," and Mrs. G. R. D. Schieffelin's "Ellistown Boy," a good third, with Harry Tucker up.

The "Bookies" were out in force and actually giving odds, but, sad to relate, one of them welshed with fourteen dollars of Miss Helen Dougherty's money during the third race.

Photograph by Harry S. Hood

MRS. WALTER M. JEFFORDS

Receiving the plate offered by the Masters of Fox Hounds Association for best five couples of American hounds. Won by Mr. Jeffords's hounds

Wednesday, 5th November, 1919

WHILE taking a ride this morning, I met hounds coming through the covered bridge at the Foxcroft Quarries, so went along with them, and my greyhounds, "Ringwood" and "Vimy Ridge," who were with me, seeing me go with the foxhounds, very sensibly went on home in the opposite direction.

Being a bye-day, the only ones out were Mr. Bodine, Bob Strawbridge, Bob, Jr., and Miss Rose Dolan.

Drawing down-country, we found by the railroad bridge, over the Marple Road, the fox going away and pointing up-country across the Brookthorpe Farm, then left-handed through the wood and out to the Darby Road, where hounds ran left-handed again into the wood, on up the hill at a very fast pace with beautiful cry, when we heard three shots right in front of hounds. On galloping over the brow of the hill we came upon two men with guns, one of whom said, in very broken English, "Dot vas a fine fox." Fortunately their three shots had missed, and, after a good cursing-out, we left them, being more satisfied than ever that a German is not a sportsman and never will be.

Their shooting checked hounds a moment, but a forward cast by Will Leverton put them right again, when they made another big circle of the farm and finally lost their fox down by the meadow on the Ithan Creek.

Saturday, 15th November, 1919

IT would be hard to imagine a more perfectly ideal day for hunting than it was this morning, and with the meet at Goshen School, which is our farthest up-country fixture, every one was quite surprised as well as disappointed when hounds moved off, to find they were to draw down-country, instead of the Shellbark Hollow and Hershey Mill coverts;

for as luck seems to have it, it's generally windy, cold or rainy, when we get as far away from home as Goshen.

In drawing southward from Goshen, we saw Sam Kirk's hounds running up-country, our hounds harking to them on the hills back of Miss Hook's, where the main body of the combined packs checked for a moment; but several of us saw a few hounds cross the Goshen road, below Miss Hook's, into the swamp, and apparently pointing to Dutton's mill, where later the rest of the two packs went, making a turn there and carrying the line on back again and into Fairy Hill, with the field spread all over the surrounding country side.

After drawing Delchester and on to the paper mill, and coming back through the southerly side of Delchester, another fox went away, giving a good gallop of about twelve minutes to Fairy Hill, where he was marked to ground at twenty minutes to one o'clock.

It seemed that most of us down-country people had ordered our cars to be at Sugartown at one, so it gave us just time to hack back there, send our horses home, and motor over to the Pickering Races.

There was only a moderate field out, including the Master, Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, Ben Chew, (the Duchess) Mrs. Louis Clark, Walter and Dick Stokes, Bob Montgomery and his daughter, Henry and Mrs. Collins, Miss Heckscher, Gurnee Munn, "Roddy" Wanamaker, and Tom, the Ashton Boy, Harry Barclay, and Ben Holland; but, when we ran into Kirk's hounds, we also met Dave and Mrs. Sharp and the Misses Beatrice and Gertrude deCoppet, of New York, who have arrived for the season. They were given a great reception and a good deal of ragging about being out with Kirk's hounds, when Radnor was hunting the same country.

The racing at Pickering was fair; the Point-to-Point being quite the best, and won and well ridden by "Bint" Toland on his "Standpoint," by "Jack Point" out of "Gold Lady," who seemed to have lots up his sleeve at the finish.

The Pickering Challenge Cup had six starters. Welsh Strawbridge on "Riverbreeze"; Clarence Kline on "Ruskin"; "Gerry" Leiper on R. B. Strassburger's "Wolferton II"; Tommy Wright on "Whirlwind"; Andy Porter on Bill Clothier's "Aldrian"; and "Bint" Toland on "Lake-wood."

It was a nice race until two, "Riverbreeze" and "Lake-wood," went down at the fence after crossing the brook; then at the lane going into the orchard everybody refused, and, in the mix-up, Gerry Leiper broke a stirrup leather, putting him out, and "Ruskin" and "Aldrian" were left to fight it out, "Aldrian" finally winning.

Sugartown, 22nd November, 1919

THERE were only thirty-six turned up at Sugartown this morning; quite a small field for a Saturday; but all that did turn out had their money's worth and some to spare, for it was one of the real old-fashioned Radnor days with a five-mile point and a very stout fox in front of hounds.

In drawing up-country we crossed into Hog Lane and worked up to the Hershey's Mill Wood, where Ben Chew, on the hillside just above the millpond, viewed a big "dog fox," as he described it, sitting out in the open. He holloaed and hounds were brought through the wood, owning the line at once, swinging right-handed into the wood, then out and down the hill into the meadow, when they turned down-country, racing up the opposite hill.

Just as hounds went away, accidents began to happen, so some of us had a bad start. Mr. Bodine in going through

the wood ran into a barb-wire fence, his horse plunging and kicking, and he calling out, "Stanley, help me! Stanley, help me! Get off your horse and help me!" All of which I was doing as fast as I could; but he did n't get off, and the horse kept on kicking. I finally caught his horse's head, when he stopped struggling, and Frank Lloyd took hold of his hind leg and untangled the wire; then Mr. Bodine got off. It was a nasty cut, but he, fortunately, had a second horse out, which he met at a check a few minutes later.

Just as the Master was in trouble, Mrs. Dave Sharp turned over at a small but very awkward fence that had a single strand of wire in it.

Those of us who had been delayed at the start came on terms with hounds again in a few minutes at a check on the corner of the road to Frazer Station. Hounds racing on again down-country over a beautiful line, with enough big jumping to suit the most fastidious, and over the fence, where Alex. Grange was killed a few years ago, then swinging right-handed and crossing the pike below the Rush Hospital, ran on to the covert north of the Sugartown Road, through it and into the Malvern Barrens, out the lower end, down the long meadow and on into the S. Boyer Davis Farm, then left-handed down the brook to William Evans's wood, where hounds swung south again, running out to and across the road and into Fairy Hill, where most of us thought the fox would go to ground. But he apparently had no such idea, for he went on through the wood, out the upper end and, pointing his mask up-country, gave us a good gallop up as far as the wood in the hollow back of the Logan Farm, where scent failed completely, and, after several unsuccessful casts, hounds were taken home.

It was an hour and thirty-five minutes of as nice a bit of hunting as Radnor has had for many a day. The field was

thinned out pretty well towards the end, those having the best of it being: The Master (whose vicissitudes, besides the affair with the wire, consisted of the side bar breaking on his saddle, when he then exchanged saddles with Jack Caffery; and then his second horse cast a shoe); Mrs. Bob Strawbridge; Ben Chew, riding "Oviat"; Harry Barclay; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, going wonderfully, on "Tango"; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Ben Holland; Hinckle Smith, on a "Master of Craft" colt; Mr. Beale; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Beatrice de-Coppet, giving a chestnut filly a great school; Dr. Ashton's son on a pony; Ned Dougherty; Frank Lloyd on "Sherry"; Mrs. Gerry Leiper, who never seems to hurry, but is always right with hounds; Nelson Buckley; and Miss Gertrude Heckscher, flying the big ones on a new horse just up from Baltimore.

The following amusing article about the new outlaw pack that is hunting the Radnor country appeared on the front page of the *Ledger* this morning:

SOCIETY WOMEN TO VIEW FOXHUNT FROM PLANES

Some Philadelphians prominent socially will view from airplanes a novel foxhunt to be given Thanksgiving afternoon by the Fox and Hound Club. Each plane will be piloted by veterans in the air service and will contain one passenger. Among the passengers will be Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, Miss Constance Drexel, Miss Isabelle Wanamaker, Miss Kitty Smith, Mrs. Dobson Altemus and Mr. and Mrs. William du Pont.

A white streak will be painted on the fox from head to tail to enable the aeroists to view the animal in flight. The fox was captured some days ago and will be turned loose. The brush will be presented to the lucky woman who will

be in the first plane at the "kill." The meet, which starts at 11 o'clock, will be followed by a luncheon at 2.

"Thanksgiving Day" — 27th November, 1919

It had been two years, owing to the War, since Radnor had held its annual Thanksgiving festivities; and, judging by the great crowd of people that came, all the horrors of war have not lessened their love of horses and hounds. Quite the opposite, I would say.

Instead of having an early breakfast for the farmers to start the day, this year's Committee very wisely commenced the programme at nine-thirty with a members' jumping class for the President's Cup, over a new course laid out by Isaac Clothier. Performance only, counted, and Ben Chew's "Oviat," with Roddy Wanamaker up, won it by a beautiful performance, with Mrs. Charley Munn's grey gelding a good second.

Then came the farmers' class, which caused much amusement and was won by William Evans, Jr.'s, "Blaze."

Next were the races at Colonel McFadden's farm, and the gallery there was even larger than at the kennels. Six horses started, "Whirlwind" with "Tommy" Wright up; "Royal" ridden by "Eddie" Cheston; "Wolferton II" with Gerry Leiper up, as usual; "Brosseau" under Gilbert Mather; "Bill" Whaley, and then "Bill" Clothier on "Aldrian." "Brosseau" and "Wolferton" were both even money in the betting; but "Brosseau" refused the first jump going up the hill at the start, so was out of it immediately. "Whirlwind" and "Wolferton" set an unusually hot pace, and the others soon commenced to go down. "Aldrian," with "Bill" Clothier, went down at the far end of the course; "Aldrian" breaking his shoulder and having to be shot, and "Bill" Clothier breaking his collar bone.

Photograph by Harry S. Hood

RADNOR HUNT — THANKSGIVING DAY, 1919

Patrol Judges

Messrs. J. Stanley Reeve, Walter Stokes, Charles A. Munn, W. Plunket Stewart, Francis V. Lloyd, Rowland Comly
Gardner Cassatt, Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr.

Coming towards home from the far side, "Wolferton," who was well up in front, had a bad time in the creek, losing about twenty lengths; then "Bill" Whaley turned upside down with "Andy Porter," a nasty-looking fall, but with no bad results. "Royal" fizzed out at the top of the hill and "Eddie" Cheston pulled him up, leaving "Whirlwind" and "Wolferton" to fight it out; but "Wolferton" had a good deal the best of it and won quite easily; Ralph B. Strassburger thereby getting a leg on the Radnor Valley Farm Challenge Cup.

R.H.R. "Bint" Toland won the second race, the Master's Cup, with "Lakewood," from a field of eight; after which every one went either to Mrs. Brown's luncheon or back to the Club to lunch with the farmers.

At three o'clock hounds met at the kennels, with about forty in the field, and nearly as many following in motors. After drawing up-country for an hour, a fox went away in front of hounds from Harrison's meadow, and, just as our pack spoke to the line, we saw Donnon's hounds running up-country in the opposite direction. Radnor hounds came up to the Donnon pack with a beautiful cry and evidently scared his mongrel curs out of their wits, for they scattered in all directions; so we rode on through them down-country to the John Brown farm, on down to Yarnall's Hollow, where our fox turned right-handed up-country again, by the race track and on through Calvert's, hounds marking their fox to ground on the hillside opposite Mrs. McGovern's, just at dusk, and after a very nice thirty-three minutes' gallop.

Some of those hunting were: The Master; Mrs. Strawbridge and Bob, Jr.; Mr. Beale; "Bint" Toland; Ben Chew; William M. Kerr; William Foster Reeve and his bride, from Rose Tree; Gardner Cassatt; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Harry Barclay; and Charley and Mrs. Munn.

Saturday, 29th November, 1919

It looked as though it might pour at any moment, when hounds met this morning at White Horse at ten o'clock; but the wind was from a good quarter for scent, northeast, and a field of forty-six turned out, despite the fact that the McFadden Ball had kept up until the wee small hours.

Fairy Hill was the first draw, and, while hounds were in covert, Mrs. Munn's groom, Holly, viewed a fox slipping out the west side. Will Leverton brought the pack out of covert, when they owned the line at once, crossing the Bryn Clovis Dairy Farm, over the road and on up-country to the hill back of Miss Hook's, where hounds swung left-handed, and it looked as though a fresh fox went away in front of hounds, as two and a half couples crossed the Goshen Road into Dutton's Mill; but the main body of the pack, fourteen couples, turned back down-country over practically the same line as we had gone up; the fox evidently going under in his home earth at Fairy Hill. It was a good thirty-minute starter for the day.

The second fox broke from the lower side of the Malvern Barrens, at the same instant that one was viewed out the upper end. Fortunately, as it was beginning to rain quite hard by now, hounds came out of covert on the line of the fox that was pointing down-country, and ran with a breast-high scent right on his heels down the long meadow to the road, over it, bearing slightly left-handed to the Boyer Davis Farm, and on into William Evans's wood, crossing the creek in the wood and over the hill into Evans's big meadow, where hounds were put to their noses, scent being quite catchy from there to Cathcart's Rocks.

In coming out of the White Horse Farm, Bunny Sharp's pony slipped in crossing the bridge and went down. Captain Count Frassau, of the Italian Army, who was gallop-

ing right back of him, jumped over both Bunny and his pony.

On the lower side of the Rocks, scent improved, hounds racing down-country through the meadows back of the Leopard to the Leiper Farm, and crossing the road into the swamp to a slight check on the far side, when they carried it on to the Baker Farm, hounds marking their fox to earth in the rocks on the hilltop, after a very nice forty-three minutes.

The going had been pretty heavy part of the way, and every one being wet from the rain, the Master called it a day, and hounds were taken in. A pipe of good tobacco and a hack back to kennels with Ben Chew completed one of the best days of the season to date.

Among those in the field were: The Master; Mrs. Strawbridge; Bob Strawbridge, Jr.; Henry and Mrs. Collins; Dave and Mrs. Sharp and Bunny; Count Frassau; Mrs. Dorothy Taylor, of New York; "Mac" Kennedy, of New York; Miss deCoppet; Ned Blabon; Ned Dougherty; Ben Holland; Mrs. Gurnee Munn; Mrs. Charley Munn; Ben Chew; Bob Montgomery; Miss Helen Hope Montgomery; Frank Voss, of New York; Lowber and Walter Stokes: Thornton Baker; and Dick McNealy.

The Annual Meeting of the Club in the evening dragged a bit, I thought. The absence of several flights of cocktails before dinner and of an unlimited supply of champaigne during the meal did not tend to increase the conviviality of the evening.

Messrs. Thomas G. Ashton, Charlton Yarnall, and Francis V. Lloyd were elected to the Board of Governors to serve three years, replacing Messrs. Robert E. Strawbridge, Charles A. Munn, Jr., and J. Stanley Reeve, whose terms expired.

Tuesday, 2nd December, 1919

WHENEVER there's a fox in Mr. Wayne's Wood, it's a good even bet the field will have a gallop. They had it to-day, and plenty of it.

Hounds met at eleven at "Waynesboro," and, finding immediately, pushed their fox out the north side of the covert, and, keeping "Nawbeek" on their right, crossed the road with a beautiful cry, but came to their noses in the wood for a moment, then, swinging left-handed across the wheat-fields with a burning scent, raced towards the Leopard, their line then turning up-country again to the lower edge of Cathcart's Rocks, when, with a holding scent, they fairly flew down through "Pick" Harrison's Seventy-Six Farm into Lockwood's Hollow, turning right-handed through Mr. Pepper's, and crossing the White Horse Road into Mr. Yarnall's, on to Mr. Battles's, where, after a moment's check in the meadow, hounds turned left again through Innes's Wood and into the Delmas Farm, when the fox, evidently heading for home, took us through Lockwood's Hollow and back to "Nawbeek"; but apparently being turned there, ran through the farmyard and back to Cathcart's Rocks, where he probably went to ground; but hounds did not mark him in.

The going in places had been heavy, but pretty good as a whole; and hounds ran and horses galloped just an hour with practically no checks.

Most of us came home from there; but hounds drew on up-country and later I heard had another boiling run of an hour and thirty-five minutes from Sugartown, marking their fox under near Rocky Hill, with the horses, that were left all cooked to a finish.

There were about twenty-five out in the morning, but hounds found so quickly there was no time to count them.

Those in the best of the first run, besides the Master, were: Miss B. deCoppet; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt; Miss Eugenia Cassatt, going great guns on her new horse, "Lord Culpepper"; Miss Rose Dolan; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Ned Blabon; John Converse; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge and Bob, Jr.; Tommy Wanamaker; Henry and Mrs. Collins; and Ben Holland

During luncheon at "Woodcrest" on Sunday, the principal topic of conversation naturally being on hunting, the hostess told a good story on herself and family that was quite apropos.

It seems that Mrs. Gurnee Munn, while hunting on Saturday, was riding slowly down a lane behind Mr. Bodine, the field being off to one side.

Mr. Bodine, thinking he was alone, was talking to himself, and, coming to a flight of bars, dismounted to let them down, saying to himself as he did so, "Thank God, there are no Strawbridges or Munns here now!"

Needless to say, Mrs. Munn stayed discretly behind a stack of corn fodder, but thoroughly enjoyed the remark.

"SAM KIRK'S BREAKFAST"

Saturday, 13th December, 1919

Women, they say, date things from the time their babies are born (married women, of course), while men now seem to date any event as either happening before the War or just the other day; so, without looking it up in my diary, to see what sort of a run we had the last time Sam Kirk and his good wife gave a hunt breakfast, I'll say to-day's party and hunt was quite up to pre-war standards, — yes, and a little better than pre-war, barring the weather. If I remember rightly, the ground was hard as nails the last time

hounds met there, while to-day it was soft, much too soft; in fact so squashy that Laurie Bodine had to call his field of sixty-two around him and deliver quite an oration on the subject, during which one could hear hounds in covert speaking to a line, and I'm afraid a good many of his following had their ears pinned back and eyes turned towards the wood from which was coming the cry of hounds.

Every one always did go to Sam Kirk's breakfast, and every one with his wife went to-day, even if it did look as if it might pour any minute. There was lots to eat, and lots of good farmer friends to say "how-de" to.

Hounds moved off promptly at eleven, three packs, Kirk's, Stuart's, and Radnor, about forty-two couples all told. The first draw, William Evans's meadow, being blank, hounds moved on up-country to the Malvern Barrens, when Clyde John and Dr. Evans, who were motoring along the Sugartown Road, viewed a fox out the upper end of the covert and holloaed to us; at the same instant hounds picked up his line and Dr. Evans, taking off his hat, waved them on across the meadow to the road, over it, and then it was anybody's race from there on.

Hounds ran straight up to the Rush Hospital meadows, swung sharply left-handed through the swamp, keeping Mr. Coxe's house on their left, and, crossing the back road to Goshenville, ran down-country nearly to Rocky Hill, then, turning right-handed again, they ran clean away from us and we had a fast, muddy gallop on the roads for about twenty-five minutes, when every one became perfectly plastered with mud from head to toes. Personally, I was a mess, one eye full of stones and shut tight, mouth full of clay, and hounds clear out of sight and hearing — I forgot my ears; they were full of mud, too. I brought home a splendid lot of Chester County with me, quite my share.

Finally, just beyond Goshen School, we met a farmer who said hounds had gone on towards Hershey's Mill, and, galloping through John Sullivan's farm, we heard them on our left; but, by the time we reached the Mill, hounds were out of hearing again; then, on going out the King Road, we heard them in a wood; but a very angry woman would not let us cross her farm, so we had to do more road work and make a detour up to the Convent; turning left-handed and crossing the railroad beyond Morestein Station, we came up with hounds in the Morestein Wood, they having marked their fox in a drain. Sam Kirk on a mare Dr. Ashton loaned him, Bill Evans, Jr., and Mrs. Strawbridge were the only ones with hounds near the end; all the rest of us being quite off to one side. There were about twenty left of the sixty-two that started, and a muddier lot I never saw. Hounds ran sixty-five minutes, making a five-mile point, and covering, according to my map and measuring instrument, about twelve miles.

The fog settled down again, it began to drizzle, and the eighteen miles home looked pretty long to me, when a certain beautiful but much mud-bespattered lady came down a lane and cheered me on my way. I remembered my sandwich case, so we had a bite to eat and a smoke, and let our faithful horses walk for two hours, when I accepted a very delightful invitation to tea and sent my good horse "Poacher" on home by my servant.

Among those at the breakfast and hunting were: Mrs. Archibald Thomson, motoring; Mr. Davis S. B. Chew on "Cambridge"; The Master; John H. Converse; "Randy" Snowden; Henry and Mrs. Collins; Edward Ilsley, in a motor; the Misses Beatrice and "Diana" deCoppet; Ned Blabon; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge and Bob, Jr.; Mr. Beale: Ben Holland; Max Livingston, Jr.,

in a motor; Frank Lloyd; Bunny Sharp and Charlie Harrison on ponies; Miss du Pont; William and Mrs. du Pont; and Roddy Wanamaker.

Saturday, 27th December, 1919

It's a long cry on a frosty, blue-nozed, ground-as-hard-as-nails sort of morning, from my house to Sugartown; but, as I cut my chin on the right side when shaving this morning, I knew something was going to happen before the day was over. It did, too, and, besides, a meet at Sugartown has one advantage; one is able to do a bit of the family marketing at Clyde John's store. To-day it was "cob honey," as the children call it, that the Missus called out to me as I was leaving home. I'm always in a hurry to get started to a meet, after having seen my horse go on about two hours' before. It was looking at my horse going out through a corner of the hedge, with one eye, and trying to keep the other on the progress of a razor, that accounted for the cut on my chin, I'm afraid. Nevertheless, things began to happen promptly on arrival at the meet.

A chauffeur was raked over the coals by a very irate M.F.H. immediately on arrival; then a certain very beautiful lady, much to her disgust, had her veil torn off by the branch of a tree, in the first covert that hounds plus the field drew.

The scene for Act Number 3 was laid outside the Malvern Barrens, the curtain dropping on a crestfallen and sad, but none the less lovely, lady, who had been requested to make less noise.

About an hour later, sandwiches having been finished and hounds working down-country to Dr. Bartholomew's, a fox was viewed away, and we had a fast twenty minutes through Baker's and on up through Hawthorne to

Waynesboro, where hounds swung left-handed, came down-country through Sachse's swamp, out to the Leopard and back to Dr. Bartholomew's, where comedy turned to tragedy, and after a few uncensored words between a prominent Master of Fox Hounds and an ex-Master, and after one Master had been invited to visit in a warmer climate than we have at Radnor in December, one ex-M.F.H. was sent home from school.

Fortunately, the fumes of brimstone did not spoil scent; the wind was in our favor; but so interested was the field in the drama of the moment, that when the curtain was lowered on scene Number 4, and the leading man (after a short speech to his interested audience) had taken his departure, hounds were nearly out of sight and hearing and racing up-country.

We came on terms with them in the Hawthorne Woods where the Master of Hawthorne could not resist the temptation of going home to lunch.

Hounds made another big circle around the country, bringing their fox through Hawthorne again, but by this time the Master of Hawthorne had satisfied the inner man, and the cry of hounds disturbing his after-dinner nap, betook himself to the window, saw Reynard crossing the meadow, and the inner man consenting, caught hounds at Mr. Wayne's on a fresh horse and had another hour of hunting.

Hounds ran their fox three hours and five minutes, making three circles of the country. Scent was catchy after the first loop.

Saturday, 10th January, 1920

CAN'T you feel what it was like, even if you were not at White Horse this morning at eleven o'clock? The glass

stood at 20°; the ground was like a bone; and the wind blowing a gale. Long waits outside covert; icy cold fingers and no gallop until two o'clock, fast or far enough to take the edge off a colt one could only just hold. But then the remainder of the day quite made up for all the earlier inconveniences; and think how good you felt after you 'd had a hot bath, stuck a piece of court plaster on your nose, and had your dinner.

That 's the charm of foxhunting; even after a bad day full of disappointments, have you ever met a man or woman who was really keen, who was not ready to go and do it all over again? Your appetite grows upon what it feeds upon, like Antony's did for Cleo.

However, our first draw was Fairy Hill, and the fair vixen who lives there refused to be driven out over the hills; so after a ten minutes' circle of the wood, she went to ground. We then pottered all about the country until five minutes after two, when Frank Smith viewed a fox away from the lower end of the Malvern Barrens. Hounds owned the line at once, crossing the road and, turning south, ran at top speed through the Boyer Davis Farm to "Bill" Evans's Wood, and on down to Cathcart's Rocks, where they turned left-handed and fairly flew back to the Sugartown end of the Barrens. Here we viewed Reynard crossing a wheat-field with one hound way out in front of the pack and only about fifty yards behind him.

Either the excitement of the view, or something, I don't know what, made the great majority of our field take the wrong line, for they never saw hounds again; and seven of us, Henry Collins, Harry Barclay, Malcolm Lloyd, Gardner Cassatt, Ben Holland, and Mr. Beale, had the thing all to ourselves for over an hour.

Barring the bad going, it was a beautiful gallop, for

hounds ran down to the lower end of the wood, then out right-handed and, keeping Evans's Wood on their right, raced across the meadows to the White Horse Farm and on to Cathcart's Rocks, then, turning sharply left-handed, ran back over the hill into the Davis Farm and finally to Evans's meadow, where we met Will Leverton looking for hounds, and his horse, with a touch of colic, or something, as he wanted to lie down every time Will would stop. Will told us every one had gone home, so hounds were whipped off and we called it a day, having had an hour and thirty-two minutes, all of it pretty fast and the going atrocious.

There were over forty in the field, including: Mr. Bodine; Mr. Beale; Bill and Mrs. Rolin; Dick and Walter Stokes; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; John Converse and "Randy" Snowden; Ben Holland; Hector McNeal and his daughter; Oswald Chew, on a new horse he had just bought from Dave Sharp; Dave Sharp; Frank Lloyd; Henry Collins; Gardner Cassatt; Gerry Leiper; "Buck" and Ned Dougherty.

"Gladeye," one of our best bitches, and who, with her litter sister "Gladys," won the class for best couple of bitches in the last Bryn Mawr Hound Show, met with an accident to-day, and somehow cut the cushion entirely out of a hind foot. "Gladeye" and "Gladys" also won the hound class at Mrs. Clothier's Pony and Dog Show a couple of years ago.

Tuesday, 13th January, 1920

"A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky, proclaim it a hunting morning." So says the old song. A southerly wind may be all right in England, but it's not supposed to be a good sign in this part of the world. The cloudy sky is all right, though.

I was rather glad when I saw the wind was from the south this morning, for the ground was much too hard and icy to have to gallop over very fast; and, as it turned out, scent was just catchy enough to keep hounds well to their noses, so by keeping on the inside of the circle one could go along at a nice hand gallop, yet keep right alongside of them.

The meet was at the Happy Creek Farms barn at eleven o'clock, and at twelve minutes past eleven hounds spoke to a cold line in Mr. Harrison's big field, carrying it slowly down the meadow and across the brook up the opposite hillside and on into Calvert's Wood; then, crossing into Bioren's Swamp, turned left-handed at the Newtown Road and ran quite fast across John Calvert's into Mr. John Brown's wood; crossing the creek, keeping the mill on their left; they ran on into Mr. Harrison's meadows again, and, swinging left-handed, went through Hector McNeal's and Dr. Bartholomew's. Crossing the Leopard Road into the Leiber Farm, they sank the vale into Lockwood's Hollow, going on over George Pepper's into the Delmas place, where, at quite a check, several of us pulled out and came home, having had an hour and twenty minutes.

There was only a small field out, including the Master; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Miss Alex. Dolan on Arthur White's grey; Miss Harriet Brown, of Baltimore, very beautiful and riding a chestnut of Frank Lloyd's; Ned Dougherty on his chestnut mare; and Nelson Buckley and Henry Collins.

Saturday, 14th February, 1920

After having been stopped by snow and ice since January 13th, hounds met at the kennels at one o'clock to see if they could run on top of the crust of the snow, and possibly

give us a bit of music, even if we could n't stay with them; but, after drawing Mrs. Clyde's and Bob Montgomery's coverts blank, and finding the going about as bad as possible, a fox went away from Yarnall's Hollow; and, bad as the going was, it was a relief to get out again and to have a run down-country after a season of hunting over practically the same section of country since early in October.

Good as our early season was, it was a bit monotonous at times, as practically every run has been in the same immediate neighborhood.

Scent was quite good at first, and, after racing down the hillside and crossing the breast of the dam, hounds pushed on through Mr. Earle's wood with a beautiful cry, and, crossing the Goshen Road into the Hospital Farm, were brought to their noses; then, working it at a fair pace to the Radnor Barrens, they ran on to a slight check at Saw Mill Hill, when, after crossing the Radnor and Chester Road, they raced on to Bromall, and, keeping Dan Conner's farmhouse on their left, turned back over the Chester Road and took us quite fast into the Barrens, over Bryn Mawr Avenue and the Hospital Farm to Old Square, where they gave it up.

Our horses were about ready to give it up, too, as they had been galloping through the snow up to their knees for an hour and fifteen minutes.

There were only eight out, including the Master; Mrs. Valentine on "Lone Ben"; Harry Barclay on "Jerry Rohan"; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on Miss Eugenia Cassatt's new chestnut; George Brooke III, and Thornton Baker, and Oswald Chew.

When we pulled up at Old Square, we could hear another pack of hounds in full cry, farther on up-country,

finding out later on that they were the Rose Tree, having brought a fox over from Broadlawn.

Thursday, 18th March, 1920

HOUNDS not having had anything top-hole for so long, owing to the bad weather, it was a relief to-day to see them really go, even if the going was such that a horse could barely live with them. It was quite knee-deep in places and in good shoe-pulling mud.

Meeting at the Happy Creek Farms barn at one-thirty, hounds found very shortly in the swamp back of Mrs. McGovern's, and, crossing the Paoli Road, raced into Dr. Bartholomew's, crossing the Leopard road into Lockwood's Hollow, and on to Cathcart's Rocks, to Fairy Hill, then straight up-country to Miss Hook's corner, where they gave it up, scent failing completely.

It was a seven-and-a-quarter-mile point, done in fifty-three minutes, which, considering the condition of the ground, was not bad at all. Hounds never dwelt a moment from the time they found.

There was only a small field out; besides the Master, there being: Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Hopewell"; Miss Eugenia Cassatt on "Lord Culpepper"; the Secretary, Walter Stokes; Gerry Leiper; Nelson Buckley; and Arthur Meigs.

Saturday, 20th March, 1920

ALTHOUGH the going to-day was hock-deep in places and fetlock-deep everywhere, hounds ran and horses galloped an hour and twenty-five minutes in the hilliest part of our country. But the air had a good crisp snap to it, and, if hounds checked a moment on the windy hilltops, one had to keep on the move at once to keep from shivering.

Scent was breast-high for the first hour, but, as hounds pushed their fox farther up-country, where the high wind had more of a sweep, they were put to their noses, and seldom have I seen a pack work more industriously. O'Malley Knott, of New York, who was riding one of Geoffery Tower's Canadian horses, and whose first day it was with Radnor, remarked several times what a hard-working pack it was and what a beautiful cry they had. Personally, I thought Will Leverton hunted them as well as I had ever seen him do the trick.

Hounds pushed their fox out of the Brookthorpe Spinney with a wonderful burst of music, the whole field viewing him away, a very light-colored fox; and, taking him out to the Chimney Corner, swung left-handed to the Darby Creek, and, following it down to the golf course, turned back, and, racing at top speed over Brookthorpe, swam the creek and fairly flew over the hill to Foxcroft and to the Radnor Barrens, and, on crossing the railroad into the Hospital Farm, were brought to their noses for the first time. Dwelling a moment on the hilltop, they sank the valley into Broad Acres and worked it out rather slowly to Yarnall's Hollow, where hounds overshot the line; and, at the moment's breathing spell, a certain Mr. X came trotting up with his horse's head covered with mud, which told the tale of his wanderings as plainly as those of a certain Mr. Y, of Radnor, who one night quite recently at a ball disappeared for some time, as did a certain most fascinating young lady we all know. Upon Mr. Y's return to the ballroom there were large particles of scarlet on his lips of the same hue as the passionate lips of his fair companion. Be that as it may, Will Leverton made a backward cast and hounds raced away once more, crossed the road and ran to the John Brown Wood where they gave it up completely.

The horses had all had enough, if we had n't, so we jogged back to the kennels for lunch, which seemed quite like the good old days.

Among the field were: Mr. Bodine; Miss Cassatt, going great guns on "Hopewell"; Gerry Leiper on a chestnut colt; Frank Lloyd on "Sherry"; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Arthur Meigs; O'Malley Knott; Miss Stevens, of the Essex Hunt; Jack Lucas; Geoffery Tower; "Dick" Stokes; Bob Montgomery on a big brown horse, Walter Stokes; and John Converse on a very nice galloping grey.

Tuesday, 23rd March, 1920

Five years ago to-day — but it does n't seem that long ago — Radnor hounds had one of their greatest runs on record; and to-day, barring the awful going, had two really top-hole runs.

Meeting at Happy Creek Farms at one-thirty, hounds found their first fox in the Railroad Farm, and, swinging down country to Yarnall's Hollow and Mr. Earle's hill-top, turned back and marked their fox to ground in Mr. Brown's lower drain, after thirty-five minutes of very nice work, but extremely heavy galloping.

The next draw was Dr. Bartholomew's Wood, where a light-colored fox was viewed away from the upper end, hounds owning the line, and, carrying it up-country to the Hawthorne Wood, circled back through Burnham's, skirted the lake and raced back to where we found, then, crossing the Leopard Road, ran very fast through Lock-wood's Hollow to Cathcart's Rocks over the White Horse Farm to Evans's meadow, where hounds turned left-handed back to Mr. Cuyler's, and, crossing the road at the red bridge, followed the creek through Mr. Yarnall's and out to the Goshen Road, where they dwelt a moment, and,

Photograph by Harry S. Hood

MISS EUGENIA KELSO CASSATT ON "LORD CULPEPPER"
AND HENRY C. BARCLAY, ESQ., ON "JERRY ROHAN"
1921

as all the horses were completely done, hounds were brought home. We thought the going bad on Thursday and Saturday of last week, but it was much more holding to-day, horses laboring at every stride, which to me takes a great deal of the pleasure out of a gallop. However, only one horse was broken down, but most all were cooked. Besides the Master, on one of his bays, there were Ben Chew on "Oviat"; Miss Cassatt on "Hopewell"; Bob Montgomery; Walter Stokes; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Harry Barclay on his brown horse; John Converse on "Wingate"; Nelson Buckley; Miss Eugenia Cassatt on "Lord Culpepper"; Arthur Meigs; Frank and Malcolm Lloyd; and Bunny Sharp, who appeared on a pony as we went through Hawthorne.

Saturday, 27th March, 1920

It 's all over now for the present, or until next August or September, and to-day's run, the last of the season, was not the least of the season by a long shot, even if the end of it was most unsatisfactory.

No more — at least not for many moons — shall we ride home muddy, but glorious, fifteen or twenty miles in the drenching rain. No more shall we get off and lead awhile, say a couple of miles, because your faithful gee has cast a near front shoe, and the motor you telephoned for fails to put in its appearance at about the exact spot you figured it out in your mind you would meet it.

But the fox we galloped through the mud after to-day was very evidently a visiting lad, making a call probably to look over the results of former visits, when his thoughts had been more of love than Mr. Farmer's hen-roost; and for the future of hunting, let 's hope he found the family large and thriving, as I 'm told it is in this particular wood.

After finding several coverts blank, a fox was viewed out of Merrick's Swamp, not fifty yards in front of hounds, and, pointing his mask towards Lockwood's Hollow, took us through some of the deepest going I've ever had the misfortune to see; but, turning right-handed in Mr. Pepper's, hounds ran parallel to the White Horse Road, which gave us a chance to come on terms with them again at Cathcart's Rocks; then fairly flying over the White Horse Farm to Fairy Hill.

The country was so deep that horses could not stay with hounds, and they ran clear away from us all. Had it not been for the assistance of kindly farmers, I doubt if we would have found them again all day. A man ploughing at Rocky Hill waved us on towards Milltown, and, just before reaching there, another man in a cart said hounds were right back of their fox and heading for the Westtown School, so crossing the pike below Milltown, and bearing westerly, we were much relieved to see hounds going over the hill just beyond the Tanguey Store, and, on coming up to them soon after at a check on the Peter's Farm at Westtown Station, found that they were six couples short; but, while Will Leverton was casting, we heard hounds on ahead of us and saw them going up a hillside about a mile beyond the station. No attempt was made to get to them, and the remainder of the pack that we were with were taken home on the pretext that the hounds in front were not part of our pack. Maybe they were, and maybe they were not, but we foolishly waited around arguing the question, until the forward hounds were out of sight and hearing, and too far away to make a try for them on horses that had been galloping through mud for sixty-five minutes at top speed, so we all started for home.

It was an eight-and-a-half-mile point, and we un-

doubtedly missed making an historic run of it by not going on after the six couples that were in front of us, and were heading straight towards the Brandywine.

It was a long but pleasant hack home for the few that survived, who, besides the Master, were: Gerry Leiper on "Miss Ebony"; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on the Master's "Richmond"; Harry Barclay on "Jerry Rohan"; Bob Montgomery; Randy Snowden on "Uncle Sam"; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; John Converse; and Frank Lloyd.

SUNNYBROOK FARM

Thursday, 22nd April, 1920

In my early youth I was brought up to believe an oasis was a beautiful place with flowers and lots of bubbling water; and now that I am supposed to have reached that age when one puts away childish thoughts, I find that my childhood's definition was pretty near right; but I never knew until last night that a real *bona-fide* foxhunting oasis, laden with flowers and flowing with bubbly water, existed so near at hand as Isaac H. Clothier's Sunnybrook Farm at Radnor.

Webster says an oasis is "A fertile spot in a barren, sandy desert"; and as dryness is supposed to make a desert — but why go on like this, let's get to the point of the thing.

About a month ago our good Quaker sportsman, Isaac, invited us to this delightful dinner, to meet S. Laurence Bodine, M.F.H., Radnor Hunt, and the birds that migrate in the spring had all brought wonderful stories of the bubbling water of life that they had tasted at Sunnybrook.

There were thirty-five scarlet-coated foxhunters, besides our host and his guest of honor, and from Martinis to Corona Coronas there was not a check. The field

master of the evening, Mr. Beale, did not have a blank draw, every covert produced good sport. Croppers there were, of course, but what good sporting run does not produce a few, especially when crossing such stiff country?

A few of the unanswered questions of the evening were:

Where did Mr. Erdenheim get his shirt?

Exactly what was it Mr. Delchester wanted Mr. Harford to explain?

Why does Mr. Wingate sleep in a motor?

Who ran into the rocks?

Who made Mr. Hawthorne deaf?

Among the others present were: Colonel J. Franklin McFadden, Messrs. W. Plunket Stewart, John R. Valentine, John W. Converse, Walter Stokes, Edward F. Beale, Charles E. Coxe, Frederick Phillips, Christian A. Hagen, A. J. A. Devereux, Edward B. Chase, William J. Clothier, Morris L. Clothier, Rowland Comly, Edwin V. Dougherty, Dr. Thomas G. Ashton, David B. Sharp, Henry L. Collins, R. Nelson Buckley, James G. Leiper, Jr., Edward Ilsley, Jacob S. Waln, William M. Kerr.

MARYLAND HUNT CUP

24th April, 1920

THE ten-thirty train to Baltimore this morning seemed quite like a big foxhunting family party off on a spree. Even the colored porter of the parlor car was all smiles, and confided to me, when nearing our destination, that "Mister Stewart is the finest gentleman that ever travels on this road."

After luncheon at the Belvedere, we motored out to Captain John Ridgely's lovely old place, Hampton, in time to walk over the course, and have a look at the fourteen starters before the race.

Mr. Foxhall P. Keene's "Masterful," standing in his box, looked pretty good to many of the crowd and was quite a favorite in the betting, as was Mr. Strassburger's "Wolferton II" and Mr. Fenwick's "Margery Jaque." Some of the Philadelphia contingent still pinned their faith to Mr. Clothier's "Brosseau," despite his poor showing at White Marsh a week ago; but many admiring eyes were turned towards Mrs. Maddox's grey gelding, "Oracle II," on which the odds were 10 to 1. The fourteen, including "Oracle II," "Jidgie," "Wolferton II," "Lakewood," "Masterful," "Margery Jaque," "Flashy Jake," "Hollander," "Jack Senhouse," "Manchu," "Mabo," "Brosseau," "Bill Whaley," and "Ruskin," were gotten away nicely. "Bill Whaley" hit the second fence pretty hard and lost his rider, Mr. J. N. Ewing, but "Bill Whaley" went on, leading the field, and, coming down the hill into the valley, refused the brook, and, turning sharply to the right, ran into "Margery Jaque," throwing her. Mr. Thompson was up and on again in less time than it takes to write it, but with "Masterful" now a good fifty lengths in the lead and galloping easily up the hill. "Masterful" was still well in front when they came through the Hampton farmyard, but stopped at the fence out of the plough, causing quite a mix-up; then, when they came round again to the in-and-out, they all jumped in, but all also refused to jump out. Finally Major Arthur White on "Oracle" gave them a lead, which he kept to the finish with "Wolferton," Mr. George Blakiston, Jr., up, a close second, followed by "Margery Jaque" and "Lakewood," third and fourth respectively.

Tea at Hampton after the race was most delightful, as was the remark of the old greyhaired, colored butler, who said to our hostess, as we were going to the dining-room,

"Miss Alice, that bowl of punch on the window-sill is for you and your friends; it has more body to it than the bowl on the table!"

After a toast to the ladies, foxhunting, and "Oracle II," and a stroll through the lovely gardens of Hampton, we motored back to Baltimore and dined on the train.

Among the cosmopolitan throng that the Maryland Hunt Cup always attracts were: Mrs. Henry Bell, Miss Ridgely, Mrs. Ridgely, Brose and Mrs. Clarke, "Foxy" Keene, Arthur Hall, Victor and Mrs. Mather, Ben Chew, Miss Welsh, W. W. Lanahan, Redmond C. Steward, T. Courtney Jenkins, W. Plunket Stewart, Devy and Mrs. Devereux, Govey Cadwalader, Gerry Leiper, George and Mrs. Saportas, Bill and Mrs. Clothier, Mrs. Henry, Ned Ilsley, Dal and Mrs. Dixon, Miss Letty McKim, Jim Maddox, B. H. Brewster, Jr., John Bosley, Jr., Billy Wilbur, Gilbert Mather, Miss Mather, Mrs. Strassburger, "Bint" Toland, Mrs. Meyers Pierce, Clarence Kline, Frank Bonsal, Eugene Levering, Jr., "Mack" Kennedy, Geoffery Tower, Harry Renwick, Al and Mrs. Davis, and Bob Strawbridge.

Attend, ye farmers, to this tale,
And when ye mend the broken rail,
Reflect with pleasure on a sport,
That lures your landlord from the court,
To dwell and spend his rents among
The country folk from whom they sprung
And should his steed with trampling feet,
Be urged across your tender wheat,
That steed, perchance, by you was bred,
And yours the corn by which he's fed.
Ah! then restrain your rising ire,
Nor rashly curse the hunting squire.

WARBURTON

SEASON OF 1920–1921

SEASON OF 1920–1921

CUBBING — 1920

As Sabretache in *The Tatler* once said:

"There 's no use beating about the bush; one might just as well come right out and 'fess up like a man, and admit that there is only one real sport, and that is the pursuit of Charles James Fox.

"You may fool yourself, about the first of April, into thinking that you want to go fishing, so fishing you go; and it's a good ten-to-one shot that they won't bite that day, and they don't; but you can think up a good reason why, and, besides, you 've had a nice day in the open, and smelled a lot of good meadow and marshy smells. But two or three such days, and you put the fishing kit away; and then later on maybe try a bit of yachting; but yachting needs two very important things, a regular girl to amuse you, and a dead certainty that you are not going to get seasick; and if Dame Fortune favors you and you don't get seasick, you spend most of your idle moments thinking of hunting. So that only goes to prove it's the one and only sport; and, besides, what else can a decent-minded man think of but the fox?

"So here it is, the first of September again, and the gees have been up from grass for five weeks, and squeal and buck every time you go out for a ride. You know for sure where there are several splendid litters of cubs, and when that first morning comes, it's a bit sultry, hot, and very wet; but the thrill you get when they all open up on the line at once, and just in the very spot where you have known they would for weeks ahead! Well, it's here again

at last, and another season is on, so sit down in your saddle and keep his head straight."

My first day of the season was with the Cheshire, on August 19th.

Frank Dare brought out a mixed pack of twenty-seven couples. The most hospitable Master, Mr. Kerr, and myself constituted the field. The wood which hounds drew was full of cubs. We viewed them in all directions, and after an hour and a half of very interesting work, went in.

The season at Radnor opened on September 1st, and, barring some dry weather in October, the prospects were most promising.

Will Leverton brought out a beautiful young entry that went to their work in pretty good style. Some of them were a bit riotous at times; but what puppies are not, when tempted by a nice fat bunny running in front of them?

Saturday, 9th October, 1920

For a cubbing morning and a seven o'clock meet upcountry, there was quite a fair-sized field out, thirty-five, I counted one time, but not at the end of the very nice twenty-three minutes' gallop, I assure you.

After drawing the Hawthorne and several other coverts blank, hounds picked up a cold and spotty line in Lockwood's Hollow, and, working it with great difficulty, carried it with several bursts of music to Cathcart's Rocks, where they swung sharply left-handed and went away at good pace with one hound quite far out in the lead, across the Seventy-Six Farm into Lockwood's, then through the Delmas lane and over the White Horse Road into Innes's Wood, to Brooks's, throwing it up near the du Pont barns at Centre Square. Every one was dripping, including the horses, and all had had enough.

It was the first time this season that there had been what one might call a representative Radnor field out, including W. Plunket Stewart, M.F.H. Cheshire, giving my "Locust Grove" a beautiful ride; Benjamin Chew on "Oviate"; Mrs. Sharp on the Master of Hawthorne's pet, "Michael"; John Converse on a green one, "Randy" Snowden; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Frank Lloyd on "Sherry"; Miss Heckscher; Bob Strawbridge; Miss Strawbridge, whose horse, unfortunately, went down in a blind ditch and put her out of it at the start; Brose Clark on a black thoroughbred; William Carter; Miss Eugenia Cassatt on her "Lord Salisbury"; William M. Kerr, riding a lovely brown green one, and his solemn nephew going like a veteran; Thornton Baker; and Miss Alex. Dolan.

A few of us had breakfast at the kennels, hurrying on home for an early luncheon before the White Marsh Races in the afternoon, which barring the long delays between events, was quite top-hole; then a good many of us met again at dinner after the races at Dick Cadwalader's at Camp Hill, making altogether a first-class sporting day.

Thursday, 21st October, 1920

With a thick blanket of fog obscuring the whole countryside, hounds were held at the meet at Miss Heckscher's this morning for a few minutes beyond the scheduled six o'clock.

The air and everything else was saturated with moisture, scent held like a charm, and hounds fairly ran their legs off; but, go as fast as they could, they could n't catch the Brooks's Wood fox, even if he did stay above ground forty-five minutes, which is ten minutes longer than he ever did before.

To-day, hounds ran him from Brooks's to Innes's and

back around the same circle three times, finally marking him to ground on the hillside of Innes's Wood.

To make the morning quite complete, we should have dug him out and taught this cub a lesson. However, it was a pretty satisfactory morning; every one, including the horses, had a good sweat and one was home in time for breakfast.

MAN-O'-WAR

23rd October, 1920

With cubbing in the early morning, Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt's breakfast at Kelso at twelve-thirty, the Rose Tree Races in the afternoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Riddle's supper at Glen Riddle, in honor of "Man-o'-War," in the evening, made a pretty full (but not the kind of full you mean) and most enjoyable sporting day, even if it was too dry for any sort of a run with hounds.

Breakfast on the terrace at Kelso was delightful; the racing quite up to the Rose Tree high standard, especially the running of the Rose Tree Plate, which brought thirteen good, cross-country horses before the starter, including Mr. Preece's "Son-of-a-Gun," Gerry Leiper's "Ranger," Antelo Devereux's "Semper Fortis" and "Rose of Ireland," "Bill" Clothier's "Brosseau" and "Bill Whaley," "Bint" Toland's "Lakewood" and "Standpoint," Welsh Strawbridge's "Riverbreeze," Strassburger's "Wolferton II," "Buzzy" Smith's "Irish Heather," Ridgeway's "Dooley," and Nelson Buckley's "Duster."

"Wolferton II," with Tommy Wright up, finished first, but was afterwards disqualified and the race given to "Dooley," with second money to "Brosseau."

After supper at Glen Riddle, and after every one had had a drink from "Man-o'-War's" Canadian Gold Cup,

Photograph by Harry S. Hood

Left to right: R. CLIFTON LISLE, ESQ.; MISS GERTRUDE S. HECKSCHER
ROBERT E. BROOKE, ESQ.

At a meet of the Radnor Hounds at Hawthorne Farm, December, 1920

we were taken to the garage to see the moving pictures of the great $75,000 match race with Sir Barton at Windsor. It was really a remarkable picture, and altogether so enjoyable an evening, that no one who was there will ever forget it. "Man-o'-War's" name is carved in the annals of the "Sport of Kings" for all time, and written in the minds of our present generation alongside those of our lovable host and hostess of Glen Riddle.

At dinner the other evening I asked Mrs. Cooke (Amory Hare) to write a poem for my journal, and, true to her fox-hunting form, I received in a day or so the following delightful bit of verse, which, no doubt, is quite the *pièce de résistance* of this humble effort.

THE ROSE TREE MEETING, 1920

O WOULD some power the gift bestow,
To see ourselves in racing season,
As to the meet we briskly go,
Though one might often ask the reason;
For I will prove that we must pay
Time well for parting with its treasure —
The twenty minutes of the day
In which nags gallop for our pleasure.
In truth, a madness must descend
Upon those persons who can find
Such store of gladness without end,
Such strange and awful peace of mind
In mud and cold and drifting wet —
In shivering by the paddock fence,
Or fighting through to place a bet
Lunchless and drinkless; hasten hence
And join this mad and happy few
In their pursuit of ecstasy —
I'll name them as they come for you,
If you will but lend your courtesy.

There's "Stanley" with his lacquered legs,
His greyhounds and his pearly hats,

His tweeds the shade of scrambled eggs;
There's "Chris" with muttons swathed in spats —
These two come earliest; they burn
Tapers before Sir Reynard's shrine,
Surtees their bible is; they yearn
Whene'er they hear hound puppies whine.

"Pray what's the noise?" "Oh, *that* is Penn —
His voice defies the strongest breeze,
You'll hear again and yet again,
His gruff 'Now, gentlemen, — if you *please!*
We 're waiting for you . . . get that horse! . . .
Can't wait all day — You *should* have weighed!
Get up . . . and come down to the course —
I'll show you how this game is played.' "

"Who comes with derby neatly poised
Upon an ear?" — "Oh, goodness, gracious!
Those 'hands' have many a 'mouth' rejoiced,
That's 'telo babying 'Rapacious' —
'Devy,' our very own; you know
We're just a wee bit choked with pride
About you, 'Devy' — he can show
A horse's best in *any* ride;
Sport's safe with him. There are a lot
Of chaps who ride as straight and hard,
Equally horsemen, like as not,
Yet Devy somehow takes the card."

Here comes the clan from out the West.
They know the things worth living for;
"Walter" and "Sara," simply dressed,
Nephew and niece of "Man-o'-War";
Followed by dear old Sam and his
Whole-hearted, kindly, jolly wife —
The only staunch unfailing "Liz"
Who could have shared his merry life.

And now they come so fast, I hate
To say what my acute remorse is —
Henceforth you'll differentiate
'Twixt names of men and names of horses
With difficulty. Ne'ertheless
I'll try to drop a hint of sorts

Which will enable you to guess
What's meant in this the king of sports.

There goes "Bill Whaley" — pardon me —
If for your further information
I add here somewhat hastily,
And with a sense of perturbation,
Bill's *not* that chap whose legs are welding
Themselves into the saddle flaps —
He's Billy Clothier's raty gelding —
At point-to-points the best of chaps.

There's Mr. Hare: I do not mean
To be facetious, no, nor coy,
Picturing rabbits on the green
To amuse the verdant city boy —
I most respectfully refer
To him whom sportsmen designate
Master of Masters — briefly, Sir,
A sort of hunting potentate,
Whose followers go clad in pink
And rally to the merry horn;
Who hold no sound more sweet, I think,
Than "Lancer" baying in the corn.
Ho, 't was a sight to see him go
With such a level well-matched pack —
There was not one he did not know;
He'd smile down from his gelding's back
And hounds smiled back at him with eyes
All frank and fond, their sterns afeather,
Scenting the lovely enterprise
They soon would set afoot together.

Health to our Horace, "Mr. Hare!"
Two masters ably followed after —
You'll see them standing over there
Under that bit of weathered rafter:
This is the stable. Big Ben Chew
Is talking with the present Master
On whether "Riverbreeze" will do,
Or "Wolferton" is really faster.

And now our "Clarence" joins the group
To tip them to the latest hint

That "Lakewood 's" due to cook their soup
According to his owner "Bint."
"Bint 's" always *due* to win, you know,
"If only the old horse stays *in*" —
The cunning nag can really go,
And yet somehow the others win,
And friends walk o'er the darkened course
In search of "Bint" who's apt to be
Bloodied a bit, but with his horse
Beneath some spreading chestnut tree.

Speaking of "Clarence" — *there* 's a chap!
He never starts, I think, without
Well-wishes and the friendly clap
Of hands he knows; and there 's a shout
Of sheer delight when "Ruskin" wins.
The pair of them go well and straight.
There by the stall against the bins,
Where "Riverbreeze" receives in state,
Stands Welsh his owner, trainer, jock.
It warms the heart to think of them —
I've seen them take full many a knock,
In many a racing day's surprise.
They'll wear the sportsman's diadem,
If racing 's known in Paradise.

See how they swarm! Let's get along
And hang upon the rail. 'T is merry
Watching the busy, bustling throng.
Lord! What a tribe! There's Bill and Gerry
Beside old "Wolferton." You'll see
Owners and entries: sires and dams;
That wee thing there is Frances D;
There's Amory with her Sealyhams;
The former is as blythe a lass
As ever wore an Easter bonnet;
The latter loves a horse: but pass —
That flag-pole with the bunting on it
Shows where they'll run. Lord, what a day!
Look how they step — the colts, I mean —
Ah, there, they're off, and well away —
How bright the jackets 'gainst the green!
Come on, you bay horse! What a crack!
Oh, Welsh is over! "*Riverbreeze!*"
Safe as a church! He's caught the black —

Lord, what a pace! He'll break his knees —
Ouch! There, I knew it! "Lakewood 's" come
A beastly cropper; clear the course!
Gad, how I love that rhythmic drum
Of hoofs — Ah! — Watch him! *There* 's a horse!
Lord, what a jump! Come on! Oh, ride —
Ride, you two beggars! Head to head,
Boot-leg to boot-leg, stride for stride —

O Lord, make *me* a thoroughbred!

THE FOXHALL FARM CUP

Saturday, October 30th, 1920

EVER since Sam Riddle decided not to race "Man-o'-War" any more, the one topic of conversation among the sporting fraternity has been Foxie Keene's great race in Harford County for teams of three horses representing the various Hunts.

It was a great race and a most delightful sporting tour that a good many of us made from here by motor on the Friday before; and the hospitality of the Harford Hunt, where most of us (forty-nine, to be exact) were put up by Colonel and Mrs. Valentine, was unsurpassed.

How they did it, I don't see, but everybody had a bed and everybody was happy; even though some were cold, none were frozen. There was also that good old combination of Wine, Woman, and Song, but I should say song predominated, although there was wine and woman in plenty; but I 'm a bit off my track, as I started to tell about the race, and not tales out of school.

However, after walking the course on Saturday morning and admiring the beauties of it and the surrounding country, and after a very big luncheon at the Club, we motored back to Foxhall Farm for the great event.

The parade to the post was most impressive; never was

there a prettier sight, or never were there twenty-four better turned-out men, or, I believe, twenty-four better hunters in a race. Mr. Jim Maddox, the starter, sent them off on their journey in great style; but it was a short journey for some of them, for five went down at the first fence, not one of whom was able to get up and go on again. Antelo Devereux, on "Semper Fortis," and Brose Clark, on "Warwick," were pretty badly hurt at this jump, while their companions in misery were Mr. Ridgeway, on "Dooley," Andy Porter, on "Orlando," and one of Foxhall Keene's entries. The heaviest casualties, fortunately, were over; but it seemed that nearly every fence took its toll, especially of those who were setting much of a pace, for the fences were stiff and new, and four miles and a half, carrying one hundred and seventy-five pounds, is no idle dream to negotiate; but six horses finished without a fall. Ralph B. Strassburger's "Wolferton II," one of the White Marsh team, and wonderfully ridden by Willie Fleming, finished first; but our Radnor team, composed of George Brooke III, on Nelson Buckley's "Duster," Walter Stokes, riding Miss Gertrude Heckscher's "Sam Ball," and "Roddy" Wanamaker, on John Converse's "Wingate," was the only one to have all three finish, thereby winning the $5000 Foxhall Vase, and, I must confess, much to the astonishment of every one from Radnor. Their good judgment and horsemanship and quietness did the trick. They did as they were told, and did it well, and too much credit cannot be given them.

The White Marsh team was quite the favorite and looked a winner when "Wolferton" came in first, with Clarence Kline on "Ruskin," a good third; but "Bint" Toland came to grief on the top of the hill the last time around and could not finish. The other teams, represent-

ing Harford, Rockaway, Elkridge, Meadow Brook, Pickering, and Cheshire, had only one or two horses up at the finish. Thirteen horses finished, all told, seven of whom had been down, and one of those three times.

The injuries to Devereux and Clarke put sort of a crimp in the tea-party after the race; but by dinner-time Dr. Jim Hutchinson reported his patients out of danger, so every one felt in better spirits and more able to enjoy the hospitality of Foxhall Farm.

Among the others from home at the race were: Mr. Bodine, M.F.H., Radnor, very busy receiving congratulations; Mr. Beale; the Misses Cassatt; John and Mrs. Converse, but John had a tummy ache and did n't enjoy himself much; Frank Lloyd, who enjoyed himself immensely; W. Plunket Stewart; Ned Ilsley; Buck, Bill, and Mrs. Clothier; Eddie Cheston; Hunter Lucas; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Mrs. Henry; Miss Gertrude Heckscher; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brooke; and Mrs. Devereux.

OPENING DAY

Saturday, 6th November, 1920

Never mind how many days' cubbing one has had in the early season, there is always that mysterious something that makes the opening fixture of the regular hunting season a day of thrills and great expectations; and it is particularly unfortunate and discouraging for the hard-worked M.F.H. should his hounds draw blank, as they did to-day. There was not a whimper all day long. Yes, there was, too, one hound did speak in Brooks's Wood, quite early in the day. He spoke, but that was all; and the field of over eighty had a long ride around the countryside, discussing several choice bits of gossip and "cussing"

several other things which don't look well on paper.

Whoever and whatever may have been discussed or "cussed," Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Yarnall saved the otherwise stupid day by having a most delightful breakfast at their charming Crum Creek Farm on our return from our foxless quest. Never, no, never, has a Radnor field eaten more delicious food, and, despite the Volstead Act, no one went home thirsty; so all 's well that ends well.

Among the eighty out were: S. Laurence Bodine, M.F.H.; the President, Mr. Beale; Ben Chew on his favorite "Oviat," John Converse on "Wingate," one of Radnor's team that won the Foxhall Farm Cup a week ago; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Miss Barclay on "Sandy"; Miss Cassatt on "Seven-to-One"; Radcliffe Cheston; Alfred Biddle; Miss Brown, of Baltimore, riding a colt of Frank Lloyd's; R. Nelson Buckley; Bill Rolin; John Sullivan; Mr. Yarnall; Alec and Mrs. Yarnall; Miss Eugenia Cassatt on "Lord Salisbury"; Mr. Kelso; Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lowe, of New York; Robert Brooke, of Birdsboro, on "Water Wagon"; Clarence M. Kline on "Ruskin"; Ben Holland; Mrs. Victor C. Mather; Randy Snowden; Willie and Mrs. du Pont; Hector McNeal and Miss McNeal; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; and Bunny on a very nice chestnut pony; Walter and Mrs. Roach; W. Hinckle Smith on a beautiful chestnut colt of his own raising; Henry L. Collins; Miss Gertrude Conway on "Marie"; and Harry Barclay on a brown mare.

BROMALL

Thursday, 11th November, 1920

It had been years and years since Radnor hounds had drawn Snakehouse Wood, and this afternoon, after work-

ing down-country from Bromall, hounds opened with a tremendous roar in the lower side of Snakehouse, raced through the wood, crossed the Line Road and met the Rose Tree pack head on; then the two packs joined forces, and, after recrossing the road into the wood, finally gave it up on the upper side in a wheat-field. Personally, I think our hounds were running heel on Rose Tree's hunted fox, and, when the two packs met, Radnor hounds realized their mistake and came back with the Rose Tree. They had out thirty couples, while we had seventeen, so the music of the combination was well worth hearing.

From here, after many "how-de-do's," etc., hounds were taken to the lower Broadlawn Farm, where they immediately found, and, making a big left-handed circle, the field had a nice view of their fox crossing some wheat; then, sinking the valley right-handed, another fox evidently went away, the pack dividing with most of the field following the lot that went up-country. Two men shooting rabbits viewed our fox crossing the creek at the covered bridge in Trimble's Hollow, and hounds, being at fault a moment, quickly cast themselves, and swimming the creek, gave a good gallop along the stream to the Dunwoody Home, then left-handed over the creek again, when Mrs. Charlie Munn came to grief, followed a moment later by Charlie, on "Peter Grey," who turned upside down in the rocky meadow.

In the next field we viewed our fox fairly flying down the hillside, and, crossing the meadow, went to earth on the edge of Castle Rock. Reynard must have met a friend in his house, or else he was waving a farewell salute to us, for he left his brush sticking up out of the earth, waving it from side to side, and only pulled it in when hounds were practically at the earth.

From here we galloped back to find the rest of the hounds, and another man out shooting put us straight again. Hounds owned the line at once, caught up to the second division; and, after a couple of circles around the hills, marked their second fox to ground on the hillside, just above the creek, and across from Trimble's Rocks.

Besides the Master of Radnor and the Master of Rose Tree, there were: Mrs. Jeffords, of Glen Riddle; Roy Jackson; Emanuel Hey; Ben Chew; Miss Gertrude Heckscher on "Sam Ball"; Isaac H. Clothier, and his daughter on a pony; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Mrs. William Foster Reeve; Miss Barclay; John Converse; and Cliff Cheston.

TWO DAYS WITH THE CHESHIRE AND ONE WITH THE BRANDYWINE

15th, 18th and 19th November, 1920

To be a delightful host is an art in itself; but to be the Master of a great pack of hounds as well, and to entertain a large house-party of foxhunters for four consecutive weeks, showing sport every day, is an achievement very few Americans can boast of; so it was with the greatest pleasure that I accepted the Master of Cheshire's kind invitation to pass the week with him at Brooklawn.

Unfortunately, I was only able to be there three days, Monday, Thursday, and Friday, and, on arriving Sunday afternoon, found my horses most comfortably quartered at the Unionville Inn, and, proceeding on to Brooklawn, passed a delightful evening.

On Monday morning hounds met at Chesterland gate at nine o'clock, Frank Dare bringing out a mixed pack of twenty-three couples of as nice-looking hounds as ever ran a fox.

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CHESHIRE FOXHOUNDS — W. P. STEWART, ESQ., M.F.H.

1920

The covert below Chesterland was blank, as was the quarry across the road; but, just as hounds were entering the wood directly back of the kennel, John Converse said, "I guess I 'll go to the corner of the wood and view this fox away." The words were hardly spoken than a splendid big fox broke covert and went sailing across the valley. Hounds owned the line at once, and, settling, took us over a beautiful line of country at good pace for about eight minutes, when scent became very catchy, and hounds were put to their noses for the rest of the morning, finally ending up in the Laurels, where it is next to impossible to get a fox straightened out.

Scent improved wonderfully after lunch, and, getting our second horses at Brooklawn at two-thirty, found at once in Matson's Wood, hounds giving us a really splendid twenty minutes, pushing their fox to earth in a briar patch on a hillside.

On Thursday, the 19th, we hunted with the Brandywine, meeting at the Lenape School House at nine-thirty, Thompson bringing out a beautiful pack of twenty-one and a half couples, with the Misses Mather in command.

The first draw was Huey's Wood, where hounds spoke at once, and, viewing our fox away, ran south crossing the Unionville Road through Denton's Hollow and on to Taylor's Thicket, where scent became very catchy, hounds owning it here and there, but working it splendidly, carried it on for some time, finally giving it up. Just then Jack Potter viewed another fox on Huey's Farm, and Thompson, galloping his hounds to the view, put them on, but this turned out to be a circling chap, and, after making three rings around the wood, hounds were whipped off and we started up-country. But we were no sooner on our way than hounds spoke to a line in the Marlborough Bottoms,

and, scent seeming to improve wonderfully, for the next hour and twenty minutes we had as nice a run and over as lovely a country as it has ever been my privilege to enjoy.

I wish I was more familiar with this splendid section of Chester County so that I might give in more detail some of the charm of this delightful run; but I am not. At any rate, hounds raced away after their fox through that superb Northbrook country to Wawasset, Locust Grove, and Corinne, and finally to the big Marlborough Woods again, where scent became catchy, and, hounds and horses having had enough, we went in.

We jogged back to Unionville, had a nip of excellent port in the old wagon-shed, then motored to Brandywine Meadow Farms for a late but delicious luncheon with the Misses Mather.

The others in the party were: the Master of the Cheshire; the Master of Radnor; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Antelo and Mrs. Devereux; Mrs. Henry; John and Mrs. Converse; Mr. Kerr; and Govey Cadwalader.

Friday morning the Cheshire met at Brooklawn; foxes were plentiful and were viewed from every covert, but there was not a vestige of scent; but in the afternoon, after some of us had come in, conditions changed and those who had stayed out were rewarded by forty minutes of the very best.

Wednesday, 24th November, 1920

WHETHER it was n't generally known that hounds were going out to-day, or not, I don't know; but, be that as it may, only Frank Lloyd, on his bay mare, "War Baby," and I turned up at the kennels for the meet this morning at eleven o'clock, so we had things all to ourselves; and, after drawing the Hospital Farm blank, hounds went away

with a tremendous roar from the little lake on Mr. Earle's driveway, and, pushing up over the hill, circled back left-handed to the Goshen Road, where they were at fault.

In galloping out Mr. Earle's drive, I met our fox coming down the road at the driveway entrance. We both stopped, looked at each other a moment, but neither of us spoke, and Mr. Fox then popped into the shrubbery on the side of the road.

Will Leverton brought hounds immediately to my holloa, and, owning it at once, we had a delightful hunting run on over the hill to Yarnall's Hollow, crossed the Wyola Road into Mr. John Brown's, then up the road to the corner, into Happy Creek, on up the big meadows, and left-handed to the Railroad Farm, where, turning, hounds fairly flew back down-country and marked their fox to ground in Yarnall's Hollow, after a most enjoyable hour and twenty minutes.

Thanksgiving Day, 1920

PRACTICALLY the whole countryside turned out to-day, despite the raw wind, for the annual events at Radnor; and, aside from the racing, the great event of the day was the jumping match between Sam Riddle's "Bally Heather" and Isaac Clothier's "King Daly" for $500 a side. It was really most impressive, and there was absolute silence when Isaac Clothier started around the course. Barring a refusal crossing the lane, he made a beautiful performance, but when Cull, riding "Bally Heather," started out, it was quite noticeable at once that their performance was going to be well worth seeing and remembering. Never have I seen so finished an exhibition; and when Cull pulled up at the end of his journey, there was no doubt in any one's mind what the result would be. Roy Jackson, the Judge,

immediately gave the award to "Bally Heather," amid much cheering and applause. It was most impressive.

Previous to this, there was the pony jumping for the younger generation, which was won by little Miss Catharine Clothier's "Cocoa," with Miss Doris Stewart's "Circus Girl" a very good second.

The big jumping class was won by Walter Stokes, riding W. Hinckle Smith's "Loyal," one of his own breeding, and by Dave Sharp's "Master of Craft."

The sixth running for Lieutenant-Colonel J. Franklin McFadden's Radnor Valley Farm Challenge Cup brought five horses to the post, "Wolferton II," "Lakewood," "Brosseau," "Bill Whaley," and "Riverbreeze."

Harry Barclay started them nicely on their journey, and all went along merrily until the third jump, when "Brosseau" decided he had had enough and stopped. Tommy Wright, on "Wolferton," was leading the field the last time around, but missed the eighteenth fence, carrying "Bill Whaley" with him, and, before they could pull up and get between the flags, "Bint" Toland, on "Lakewood," and Welsh Strawbridge, riding "Riverbreeze," had gained such a lead that they could n't be caught, "Lakewood" winning from "Riverbreeze" by a couple of lengths.

The last race of the day, for the Master's Cup, was quite the best from a racing point of view. Seven horses started, Joe Ewing's "Red Wing," "Bint" Toland's "Stand Point," Hinckle Smith's "Royal," Huntingdon Valley Farm's "Indian Desert" and "Whirlwind," Clarence Kline's "Ruskin," and Nelson Buckley's "Duster." Joe Ewing and "Red Wing" parted company at the third fence; but it was a very pretty race to watch; the field were together all the time; Clarence Kline, on "Ruskin," winning by a half-length.

Following the racing, Colonel and Mrs. McFadden gave a most delightful luncheon at their Radnor Valley Farm, and at three o'clock the hounds met at the kennels. But the weather-man went back on us by this time; nevertheless, about twenty of the braver ones ventured out in the rain, and the Yarnall's Hollow fox had enough sporting blood to defy the weather-man, giving hounds a good fast run up-country to the Railroad Farm.

Some of the questions asked during the day were:

If a certain M.F.H. has named the vixen that his hounds find in Brooks's Wood, "Lucy Glitters," what is the name of the dog fox in Innes's Wood?

If one of Stanley Reeve's greyhounds can run faster than one of Plunket Stewart's foxhounds, how fast a dog is "Wolferton"? Ask Devy.

Whose æsthetic sense of color selected vivid purple badges for the Patrol Judges to wear on their scarlet coats during the races?

Why do they call a certain very fascinating, foxhunting lady "Lucy Glitters"?

Saturday, 27th November, 1920

As one sits before the fire and thinks over the pictures that come before one's mind of the day's happenings in the hunting-field, it's strange how deep an impression on one's mind is made by a fitting setting for a hunting-scene.

The meet at Kelso this morning made a particularly pleasing picture, especially if one was out by the iron fence and sort of looking down on the scene. The "Château," as Miss Gertrude deCoppet used to call it, was looking its best as the background for the Radnor M.F.H. and his well-turned-out staff and field of over seventy, about a dozen of whom were in scarlet. A scarlet coat may not

make a foxhunter; but say what you may, it does add a bit of picturesqueness to the scene.

The fox in the Waynesboro Swamp was not at home, but the old faithful Malvern Barrens produced a stout one that most of us viewed away when hounds were on the upper side of covert. They came out on his line with a beautiful cry, and, taking us over a fairish flight of bars in a lane out to the Sugartown Road, we had a gallop over the road through Sugartown and down to the burned Klemm Farm, where hounds made quite an out. Here Charles was viewed again, hounds carrying a good scent into the upper side of Fairy Hill, then, swinging sharply right-handed, worked it out slowly over some wheat to the road, where scent improved and we moved along at a good pace to the wood back of Miss Hook's, then right-handed again, and north to the George Saportas Farm, to Mr. Cox's, where some new wire gave hounds a bit of trouble, and slowly from there on back to the Barrens, where three wild geese flew over our heads, just as hounds gave it up, after an hour and twenty-two minutes of very nice work.

Every one was delighted to see the "Duke" and Mrs. Saportas out with us again, as it was Betty's first appearance at Radnor in several years; and Uncle Joe was going strong as of old.

Among the others were: John and Mrs. Converse; Ben, David, and Oswald Chew; Miss Cassatt; Miss Alex. Dolan; Buck; Frank Lloyd; Gardner Cassatt; Arthur Meigs; Harry Barclay; Mr. Kelso; Ben Holland; Bill Evans and son; Randy Snowden; Henry and Mrs. Collins, Dave and Mrs. Sharp and Bunny; Charlie Harrison; Alfred Biddle; and Walter and Stanley Stokes.

Saturday, 18th December, 1920

If there 's one place in the world where the head must be an optimist, it's the job of being an M.F.H.; and to feel anywhere near the top or able to smile when some one says good-morning to you, after having had a whole string of blank days in a row — well, it takes a foxhunter to do it, that's all.

It was another of those cold, windy, blue-nosed sort of mornings, when hounds met at Sugartown at eleven o'clock, and about seventy of the faithful braved the elements, but inwardly feeling it was n't much use trying to find a fox, it was so windy and cold; and I must confess that after three hours of it, had it not been for a very fascinating, dark-eyed beauty, mounted on a once celebrated race-horse, that my own feeble enthusiasm might have fizzed out before the real business of the day began. But being hungry, as was the before-mentioned fascinating, dark-eyed one, and both of us having well-filled sandwich cases, we decided to eat our lunch together on the sunny side of a friendly barn; and, keeping hounds more or less in sight, had just finished our sandwiches, and somewhat sheepishly rejoined the field, when hounds went away at top-speed from the wood back of Miss Hook's, and, crossing the Goshen Road, turned sharply left-handed just before reaching Dutton's Mill, raced over the hill into Delchester, where they checked a moment and gave some of us a chance to catch up; then a wide cast by Will Leverton on top of the Delchester Hill put them right again, and, crossing the West Chester Pike, hounds swam Ridley Creek and checked a moment by the covered bridge, but, picking it up in the road, fairly flew on to Pickering's Thicket, on through it to Hunting Hill and down-country to the meadow below the old Rawle Farm, when Reynard evidently did n't like

the idea of another bath, as hounds swung sharply left again, right at the water's edge, and, running up-stream, took us at a good clip back over practically the same ground to Delchester, where scent apparently failed completely; but the sixteen who had braved the cold and had the run were very content to call it a day and start a long nine-mile hack back to kennels.

Among those out, besides the Master, were: John and Mrs. Converse and Randy Snowden; Miss Gertrude Heckscher; Bob Strawbridge; Harry and Miss Barclay; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Nelson Buckley; Tommy Wanamaker; Mrs. Saportas on "Uncle Joe"; Ben Holland; Max Livingston, Jr.; Mr. Beale; Henry Collins; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; and Mrs. Bill Rolin, riding the same horse that caused so much excitement the other day at the joint meet with Pickering. It seems her horse went down with her twice that day, and after the second crash refused to move. Finally, after much consultation among the amateur vets, and after every known and unknown method of persuasion had been used to get it on its feet again, with no result, excepting terrible groans from the poor gee, it was decided that its back was broken. The ladies were gently told to ride on, and a servant was despatched in great haste to a neighboring farmhouse to procure a gun to put the faithful beast out of its horrible misery.

The question then arose as to who was to actually do the shooting. No one seemed to volunteer; brave men who had but recently slain multitudes of Boches blanched at the very thought; fair women wept and, weeping, rode away; then some kind soul, to make the pangs of death less severe, took off its saddle and bridle, whereupon, it immediately jumped up, and, showing a clean pair of heels, raced away, *sans* bridle, *sans* saddle, across country in the wake of the

fast-disappearing pack. The weeping women wept no more; the brave men thanked their lucky stars that, as yet, no Dry Agents have pursued their calling in the hunting-field.

Tuesday, 28th December, 1920

If Dave Sharp had been hunting hounds to-day, and if Harry Harrison was his whipper-in once more, as they were in the good old days of John Valentine's régime at Radnor, I'm quite sure history would have repeated itself and another chapter been added to the annals of foxhunting in Pennsylvania, for it was cold enough and windy enough to congeal that unmentionable part of the anatomy of the proverbial brass monkey.

As the brass monkey is now *passé* and Dave Sharp quite the contrary, I'll try to tell the story before we go further with the doings of to-day.

John Valentine did n't take his field into covert with his huntsman and hounds, as some Masters we have seen do, but kept his field in a convenient place where, should hounds go away, they could get to them by the time hounds were nicely settled on the line of their fox. Well, on this particularly cold and windy day, John had his impatient and shivering field on a hilltop overlooking a certain covert not far from Malvern, while his huntsman, David, and his hounds drew the wood. No fox was viewed out the upper corner; not a hound spoke; not a sound was heard; and John was having a bit of trouble keeping some of his more thrusting followers in hand. Fifteen minutes, half an hour, and even John was getting cold and fidgety by now; so he sent Harry Barclay into covert to see if hounds had by any chance slipped out the other side unseen. But, after waiting another fifteen minutes with no signs even of Harry

Barclay, John, very solemnly and with much dignity, slowly led his shivering field into the wood. The old ride through the covert was pretty well grown up, but, after pushing their way along for a couple of hundred yards, they came to the edge of an old quarry, and, on looking down into the quarry hole, discovered Dave and the two Harry's sitting on a log, peacefully smoking before a roaring fire, surrounded by the hounds and with their horses eating grass near by.

Modesty forbids me to tell you what John said; but the air was no longer cold and the freezing field froze no more.

The Master of Hawthorne was not hunting hounds today, but we all nearly froze just the same, until, on reaching the upper side of Yarnall's Hollow, when hounds opened up on the line of a stout fox in the good old-fashioned way.

After sinking the valley and skirting the lake, hounds raced over the hill to Mr. Earle's lawn, and, on reaching the hilltop at the Howard House, swung left-handed over the Darby Creek, and, crossing the Creek Road into Gough-acres, went on into the Radnor Valley Farm, giving the field a lovely gallop halfway around the steeplechase course to the Ithan Creek, over it to the road, where Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt made a most spectacular jump, on her "Seven-to-One," over the high, whitewashed, plank fence. Hounds checked a moment at Mr. McFadden's corner, then doubled back, and, recrossing the Radnor Valley Farm, ran with a breast-high scent through Ardrosson to the Creek Road again, where our first whip, Frank Smith, came a very nasty cropper in jumping into the road. Ben Chew and I stopped with Frank a few minutes, while hounds raced on to Yarnall's Hollow once more. We caught them on top of the hill, when Reynard turned up-wind, and, being

Silhouette by the Author

MISS GERTRUDE S. HECKSCHER ON "SATURNUS"
December, 1920

Silhouette by the Author

MISS ELLEN MARY CASSATT ON "SEVEN-TO-ONE"
1920

viewed again, took us on over Mr. John Brown's to the Old Mill, on through the Happy Creek Meadows to the Patterson place, where a brace of terriers mixed things up a bit; but, casting themselves, the pack picked up the line across the road and ran with a wonderful cry to the old wheelwright shop, where the Darby Creek crosses the Waterloo Road, where they checked on the hillside and could not own the line again.

It was an hour and a quarter of quite remarkable hound work, fast enough to please the most fastidious, and under conditions that more than one of the old stagers said was actually marvellous. One most popular ex-Master of Radnor said to me, as we were galloping side by side over the Happy Creek pastures, "This is the greatest pack of hounds in America to-day"; and I agree with him from start to finish. Give the Radnor hounds half a chance and they will show you sport that you cannot duplicate in any other country in America. And speaking of countries — where is there one in which there is less wire than at Radnor? As Mr. B. would say — "There ain't none!"

Thursday, 30th December, 1920

SEVERAL days ago Samuel D. Riddle kindly invited all those who lunch at the Foxhunters' Table at the Racquet Club, to go out with the Rose Tree hounds this afternoon and stay for supper afterward at the Rose Tree Club. Every one accepted; but those who did n't come really missed one of the best occasions of the kind since prohibition went into effect.

When I arrived at the charming old Club House, Walter M. Jeffords, M.F.H., was just putting out the blackboard showing which coverts were to be drawn, so that late arrivals might pick hounds up; and promptly at one-

thirty he moved off, taking out a mixed pack of thirty-seven and one-half couples, including some of "Mr. Riddle's hounds," which were given to the Rose Tree a couple of seasons ago, and among whom were old "Jerry," a wonderful type of black-and-tan hound, but who is beginning to show his age, being now very grey around the muzzle; then there was "Stump," a dock-tailed, black hound that came from Virginia, with a great reputation which he still maintains.

A fox was viewed away from the lower side of the Leedom's Mill Wood, and Abner Garrett, huntsman, galloped his pack to the view, when they went away with a volume of music that I have seldom heard equalled, and kept up continuously for an hour and forty-five minutes. Scent was just holding enough to keep hounds on their noses all the time and make galloping alongside of them quite possible. Crossing the Eagle Road, north of the Lamb Tavern, they sank the valley into the farm Bill Clothier once had, and, crossing the Darby Creek, ran practically to the Sixty-Ninth Street trolley station, where, turning back, they came with the same beautiful cry through the Bon Air Farms to the creek again, over it, to Moore's Wood, and to the Lawrence Mills, where hounds swung sharply left-handed at the Lawrence Road, and, taking us to George Mullins's, turned left again through his wood back to where we found, and on around a slightly smaller circle, hounds finally marking their fox to earth in his home covert.

The pleasures of the day being over, we hacked back to the kennels and proceeded to enjoy those of the evening, which started immediately on our arrival and continued through a most delicious dinner and well into the night, being accompanied by an unusual amount of singing by our host; one song in particular, although of only one verse,

and not especially classical, made the hit of the evening. It ran something like this:

"Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the summer-time and in the month of May,
And if you asked her, why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for her True Love, who was far, far away."

Had Mr. Surtees ever had a day with the Rose Tree, he would certainly have added one more to his already wonderful list of hunting characters. "Soapy Sponge" or "Facey Rumford" never, in their most intoxicated moments, excelled the actions of a certain highly illuminated Rose Tree retainer that haunted the dining-room all evening.

Among those hunting and at the supper were: Sam and Mrs. Riddle; Walter and Mrs. Jeffords; Dr. and Mrs. Gibbon; Miss Gertrude Conway; Miss Welsh; Walter and Mrs. Roach; Dr. James P. Hutchinson; Roy and Miss Jackson; Emanuel Hey; Alex. and Mrs. Sellers; Colonel Glendining; Mr. and Mrs. Barklie; Ivan Fox; Miss Cohen; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Henderson; Francis V. Lloyd; William M. Kerr; Edward Ilsley; and William F. Reeve.

THE DEATH OF "LUCY GLITTERS"

Tuesday, 4th January, 1921

SOMETIME ago in this journal the question was asked — "If a certain M.F.H. has named the vixen that his hounds find in Brooks's Wood, "Lucy Glitters," what is the name of the dog fox in Innes's Wood?"

The question has also been asked in the field, and as for the answers — well, probably discretion is the better part of valor after all; but that there was an *affaire de cœur* between the auburn-haired vixen and her stalwart neighbor seems quite evident; at any rate, she was visiting her

lover to-day, which is always a more or less exciting and dangerous procedure for a lady, even in the heart of the country.

She was discovered, tried to run away, and paid the price of her indiscretions with her life, poor dear.

"The wages of sin is death"; but she was a lady and a sportswoman, and perhaps sinned not at all. Let's give her the benefit of the doubt and allow her fair name to be set down in the annals of foxhunting as unblemished as that of the dashing Diana for whom she was christened.

Flirt though she was, she was viewed away, and, with a defiant whisk of her beautiful brush, sailed out the upper side of her lover's home covert, with hounds racing after her over the plough, then, swinging sharply right-handed, crossed the White Horse Road into Mr. Pepper's, fairly flying on through the Delmas Property and, keeping Lockwood's Hollow on their left, crossed the Leopard Road into Baker's Wood, on through to the lower pasture, where scent must have been very holding, for, with a beautiful cry, hounds raced on over Baker's Corner, and, sinking the valley into Bjornhem, took us through the Calvert Wood to the Wyola Road, where Mrs. Saportas came galloping up to the Master with the information that she had just viewed, but her view proved to be some one's pet pussy; hounds pushing on to the Darby Creek, and, crossing the Happy Creek Meadows, ran on down through the Old Mill into Mrs. John Brown's wood, where poor Lucy was seen making desperate efforts to dodge her blood-thirsty pursuers who were snapping at her heels. She managed to cross the stream and gain the hilltop, but once more in the open the odds were all against her, hounds rolling her over on the McGonigle Farm, after about thirty minutes of very nice work.

And the last I saw of poor Miss Glitters was the tip of her blonde brush sticking our of Miss Conway's pocket, as hounds trotted off in search of more sport, and her mask dangling from the dees of the whipper-in's saddle.

Another fox was put to earth in Mrs. Brown's lower drain, and a third and more stout-hearted chap gave us another fifty minutes from Yarnall's to Mr. Clarke's, to Ardrossan, and back to Yarnall's Hollow, where hounds were finally whipped off.

Saturday, 29th January, 1921

It has been several years since Radnor hounds have found a fox that would give us a gallop across that beautiful valley lying to the west of Green Briar; and I never cross it without thinking of dear old Alec Brown, who, one day a long time ago, had a bad start when hounds found a fox and raced away on a burning scent without him. Alec and the majority of the field were coffee-housing and did n't know hounds were running until we had crossed the vale and hounds had come to a moment's check on the opposite hillside. On looking around to see what had become of the others, the only person in sight was Brown, on "Pebbles," riding as if the Devil, himself, was after him, and "Pebbles" negotiating the country in his best Maryland Hunt Cup form. Several of us sat there on our horses and watched him coming, and all agreed that few men would have dared to come as straight and as fast as Alec and "Pebbles" were doing. I have n't made much of a story of it; but, somehow, it made a deep impression on me at the time, and the picture is very plain before me.

However, to-day, a fox was viewed away from the lower side of Delchester, and, crossing the creek on the ice, hounds ran over the West Chester Pike into Green Briar,

where Stuart's pack joined us, and, pushing slowly through the big covert to the west side, raced away over that lovely valley that Alec Brown crossed so beautifully years ago, and checked on the opposite hillside at nearly the same spot they did before. On turning around and looking back across the vale, I thought of poor Brown; but the picture I saw was far, far different from the one in which he had been the central and heroic figure. To-day, there was a chap pulling the top rail out of a fence in one field; a certain lady, who rides astride, was just greeting Mother Earth with outstretched arms in another pasture; and a gentleman in scarlet was having troubles of his own with a refusing horse in another; what other excitement or tragedies were occurring, I had not time to see, for some one said, "Here comes Rose Tree," and from over the brow of the hill came an apparently endless mass of hounds. It was not only Rose Tree, but two other farmer packs as well, that were harking to the Radnor. The countryside was alive with hounds of all descriptions; and, on working through a wood along the Street Road, picked up the line with a burst of music that is hardly conceivable to any one who was not there to hear it. The music from those sixty-five and a half couples of American, near-American, and half-bred hounds must have been sweet to the spirit of old Jesse Russell, who lies buried on Hunting Hill, a couple of miles away.

The pace hounds set from here on was not fast, but just fast enough for 'most all to keep abreast of the pack and thoroughly enjoy themselves. Keeping the Street Road on their right, hounds ran straight on up-country, finally marking their fox to earth in fifty-five minutes, on the southerly slope of Temple Hill, which lies halfway between the Westtown School and Cheyney.

After separating the numerous packs, the Rose Tree field turned southward, and we came on down the Street Road, making Fairy Hill our first draw, after which most of us came on home; but hounds found later in Evans's meadow and ended the day with another very fast run of forty minutes.

Among those in the first run were: Mr. Bodine, M.F.H., Radnor; Mr. Jeffords, M.F.H., Rose Tree; Mrs. Jeffords; William M. Kerr on a very nice thoroughbred; John and Mrs. Converse; Randy Snowden; Miss Gertrude S. Heckscher, on "Saturnas"; George Brooke III, on Miss Heckscher's "Sam Ball"; Emanuel Hey; Mrs. Bill Rolin; Charlie Harrison on a pony, and who came to grief in a brook; Ben Holland; Clyde John; Robert Brooke, on "Water Wagon"; Henry and Mrs. Collins; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Harry and Miss Barclay; Frank Lloyd; R. Nelson Buckley; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; and M. Roy Jackson.

Thursday, 3rd February, 1921

When we met at Newtown Square this afternoon at one-thirty, and hacked down that slippery, tar road to Snakehouse Wood, I had sort of a feeling in my bones something was going to happen and that we would meet Rose Tree again. We did meet them, and from what I've heard since, they apparently were none too pleased to see us, although there was an armistice signed a few years ago!

Snakehouse produced a fox that took hounds over Broadlawn Farm to Trimble's Hollow Bridge, then up the creek to the Dunwoody Home, and, keeping the Home on their left, raced away over a beautiful line of country towards Newtown Square with no undue excitements, barring good old "Sam Ball" going down with his beautiful

pilot at a low three rails. Then, just before reaching the Square, hounds swung sharply right-handed, and, crossing the road, ran through Vauclain's back to the lower side of Snakehouse, to a short check; this first burst having been twenty-eight minutes. Will Leverton made quite a wide cast; hounds picked up the line, and, carrying it to the hills above the creek, we were surprised to see the Rose Tree pack coming towards us in full cry; but, about two hundred yards to our right, or south of us.

The two packs passed each other, both in full cry, and neither pack hesitated an instant, nor did any of their respective following. Rose Tree hounds swung left-handed towards the Providence Road, crossing through the old Harrison Farm; while the Radnor bore right-handed to the Line Road, where they checked, finally harking to the Rose Tree in Evans's Rocks, and from then on over the Line Road the combined packs ran with a wonderful cry down Crum Creek to Dr. Jim Hutchinson's property, where the Rose Tree hounds, sort of half-heartedly, marked a fox to ground; but evidently Will Leverton did n't think Reynard had gone under, and, in making another wide cast, hounds spoke and carried it on out to the lower road, over the hill above the new Springfield reservoir, where scent became quite spotty and hounds with great difficulty worked along to near the Lamb Tavern, where they gave it up.

Of course the question immediately arose as to whose fox it was that the combined packs finally brought down-country; but after all is said and done — and even some of the Rose Tree people agree with us — there is no doubt but that the Radnor's hunted fox was quite a distance ahead of hounds. The Rose Tree, in drawing up-country, ran into our fox, turned him back, and here it was that the two

packs passed in opposite directions; then our hounds carried on until they came to the spot where Rose Tree nicked in on our fox; then, being naturally at fault, they harked to the Rose Tree, who were coming towards them by this time, and from there on ran together.

The combined field was pretty big, among them being, besides the two masters: Emanuel Hey; John and Mrs. Converse; Miss Gertrude S. Heckscher on "Sam Ball"; R. Nelson Buckley; Eddie Dale; Frank Bonsal, M.F.H., Harford County; Howard Lewis; E. E. Marshall; Bill and Mrs. Mulford; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, Mr. Kerr, who had nine horses in the field, Charles Heiser, of Baltimore; Mrs. W. F. Reeve; Walter L. Roach; Alex. and Mrs. Sellers; Gardner Cassatt; Francis V. Lloyd; M. Roy Jackson; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Mrs. Coleman; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Henry Collins; and Mrs. Jeffords.

Some of the numerous questions asked in and by the field to-day, were —

Where was foxhunting discovered?

Answer: Yarnall's Hollow.

When was foxhunting discovered?

Answer: 1920

NIMROD

Nimrod he was a hunter in the days of long ago,
Caring little for things of state, little for things of show;
When the unenlightened around him squabbled for wealth or fame
Nimrod fled to the forests and gave himself up to Game.

I've never been told what jungles old Nimrod called his own,
Or studied the "Sportsman's Record" he scratched on a shoulder-bone;
I have n't heard what he shot with nor even what game he slew,
But I know he was fore-forefather to fellows like me and you.

He stood to the roaring tiger, he stood to the charging gaur;
His was the love of the hunting which is more than the lust of war;
He knew the troubles of tracking, the business of camps and kits,
And the pleasure that pays for the pain of all — the ultimate shot that hits.

Now I've nowhere seen it stated, but I'm certain the thing occurred,

That when Nimrod came to his death-bed he sent his relatives word,
And said to his sons and his people ere his spirit obtained release,
"You follow the trails I taught you and your ways will bring you peace."

Wherefore — as now and to-morrow — when the souls of men were sick,
When wives were fickle or fretful or the bills were falling thick,
When the youth was minded to marry and the maiden withheld consent,
Heeding the words of Nimrod, they packed their spears and went —

Went to the scented mornings, to the nights of the satin moon
That can lap the heart in solace, that can settle the soul in tune;
So they continued the remedy Nimrod of old began —
The healing hand of the jungle on the fevered brow of man.

Then — as now and to-morrow — mended and sound and sane,
Flushed by the noonday sunshine, freshed by the twilight rain,
Trailing their trophies behind them, armed with the strength of ten,
Back they came from the jungle ready to start again.

. . . . . .

Ye who have travelled the wilderness, ye who have followed the chase,
Whom the voice of the forest comforts and the touch of the lonely place;
Ye who are sib to the jungle and know it and hold it good —
Praise ye the name of Nimrod, a Fellow Who Understood.

H. B. (in *Punch*)

THE END

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